

The
Voyageur
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SAINT LUKE'S SCHOOL OF NURSING

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SAINT LUKE'S SCHOOL OF NURSING

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I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than, living dully sluggardis'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
—Shakespeare

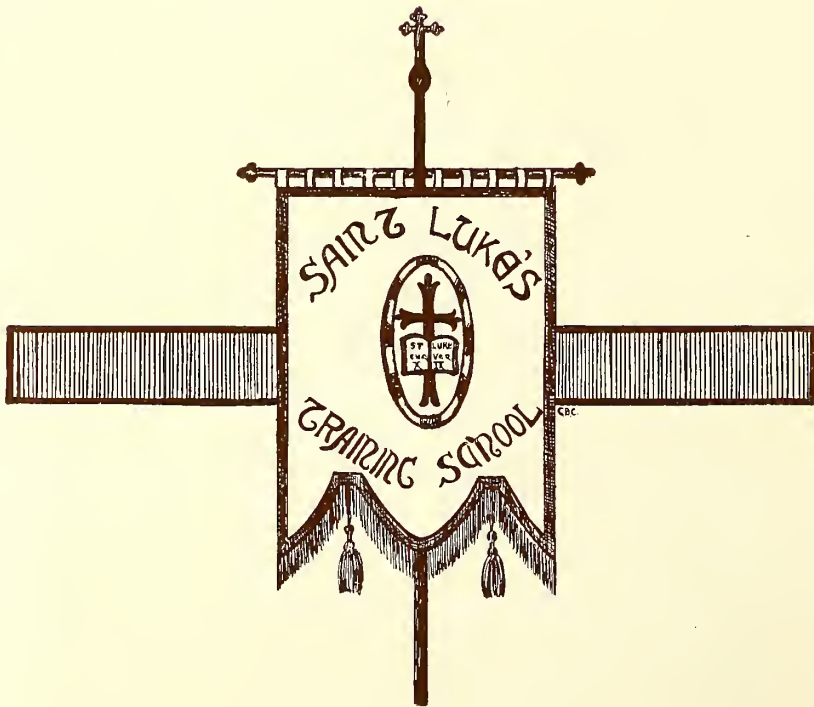
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Business Manager.....LOIS GRIVETTI
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10181



We dedicate this Annual to
MISS MILDRED PRINGLE
with the love and respect
of the class of
1928





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A History of St. Luke's Hospital



UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF DR. CLINTON LOCKE, Rector of Grace Church, St. Luke's Hospital was organized on February 18th, 1854, and shortly operations were begun in a small frame house on State Street near Eldredge Court, accommodating seven patients. From that day to the present its history presents an unbroken record of continuous service to the community. Six months later a large brick house was rented and the Hospital moved into it, thus increasing its capacity to eighteen beds.

Up to this point the Hospital was a Grace Church enterprise, but it was deemed wise to interest the entire Diocese, and with this in view a meeting of some well-known churchmen, willing to act as trustees, was held and a wider organization perfected and incorporated in 1864 under a special Act of the Legislature.

Early in 1871 the Hospital capacity was increased to thirty-five beds by moving into a large frame building on Indiana Avenue. In this unpretentious building the work was carried on with creditable results. In October, 1871, occurred the great Chicago fire and St. Luke's, working in co-operation with the Relief and Aid Society, was able to do a great work in the care of those who suffered from the fire.

The cornerstone was laid on All Saint's Day, 1882, for a new Hospital. The plan consisted of five separate buildings, connected by corridors. Four of them were erected at this time and were opened January 29th, 1885. Two of these buildings are still in use today. The Hospital was now able to accommodate sixty-five patients. The acute need of a training



school for nurses was now felt and was organized on the general plan of the Illinois Training School for Nurses, and as a separate corporation, but later merged with the Hospital. The first class graduated in 1887. The record of the Training School is an enviable one. Mr. Byron Smith, in 1886, furnished funds for the addition of two floors to the west wing. The Johnston wing of the Hospital was completed in 1891 through funds provided by the legacy of Mr. Samuel Johnston. Mrs. W. G. Hibbard, Mr. W. H. Getty, Miss Florence Pullman, now Mrs. Frank Lowden, each provided for the full equipment of a floor in the new wing. This increased the capacity of the Hospital to one hundred and fifty-two beds.

The Association of the Blue Cross was incorporated in August, 1881, to provide means of every character for the benefit of nurses and to take care of them in case of illness, accident or misfortune. Pupil nurses, and others interested in the School, were eligible to membership and were admitted formally by proper service in the Chapel. The badge of membership was a Latin Cross worked in blue on the sleeve of the left arm and is still used as the School insignia. The prayer of the Blue Cross was also written at this time.

Later, by raising the attic of the northwest pavilion, for which purpose Mrs. E. H. Stickney gave nine hundred dollars, additional rooms for nurses

were provided. Her interest in the nurses finally culminated in a bequest of fifty-five thousand dollars in memory of her husband. With this money pleasant quarters for the nurses were provided. This building was opened in 1898 when there were forty-two nurses on the roll.

It is interesting to note that in Miss Lett's office the first committee met for the purpose of organizing the American Society of Superintendents, which in 1911 became the National League of Nursing Education.

The Clinton, now the Saranac, was built on a piece of land given by Mr. N. K. Fairbanks in 1893 in the hope of increasing the income of the Hospital. The Saranac was later converted into a dormitory for nurses.

In 1894 Dr. Locke retired from the presidency of the institution and was succeeded by Mr. A. Ryerson, who served for eight years, when he was succeeded by Mr. Leslie Carter, who served until his death in 1909. The present president is Mr. Charles Schweppe.

Although St. Luke's was started as a free Hospital, an urgent need for a private pavilion had developed and in 1908 Mr. James A. Smith gave the Hospital five hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a memorial to his cousin, George Smith. One hundred and twenty-seven patients may be accommodated in the Smith Memorial Building. The income of this building is used to increase the number of charity patients cared for, which is numbered about one-third free.

A check from Thomas S. Kirkwood provided funds for the purchase of one hundred feet of land on Indiana Avenue and the erection of a building known as Kirkwood. It was used to accommodate women and children patients, but is now used as a domestic building.

In 1919 plans for a nineteen-story building, to replace the Indiana Avenue building, were made. In January, 1924, the ground was broken for this building. In March, 1925, the first patients were admitted to the Main Building. The Main Building is of the most modern type of steel construction, resting on caissons which reach down to bedrock on an average depth of one hundred feet. It is fireproof, not in the ordinary sense, but with no wood in the structure except the revolving door in the lobby.

Including the Smith Memorial, the Hospital now accommodates six hundred and seventy-eight patients which will be increased to seven hundred and seventy-eight when the third, fourth, and fifth floors, which at this time are used as dormitories for the nurses pending the erection of a new nurses' home, are turned over to the use of patients.



SMITH MEMORIAL LOBBY



ADA CROCKER, Superintendent
VIVIAN JOHNSON

LULU DILGE, Night Supervisor
Main Building Superintendents

FLORENCE DRAKE, Assistant Superintendent
HELEN JOHNSON



MARY FARRELL, Main Operating Room Supervisor
LOUISE MENARD, Assistant Night Supervisor

EDITH WAHLBOM, F. Floor Operating Supervisor
FLORA SWETT, Obstetrical Supervisor



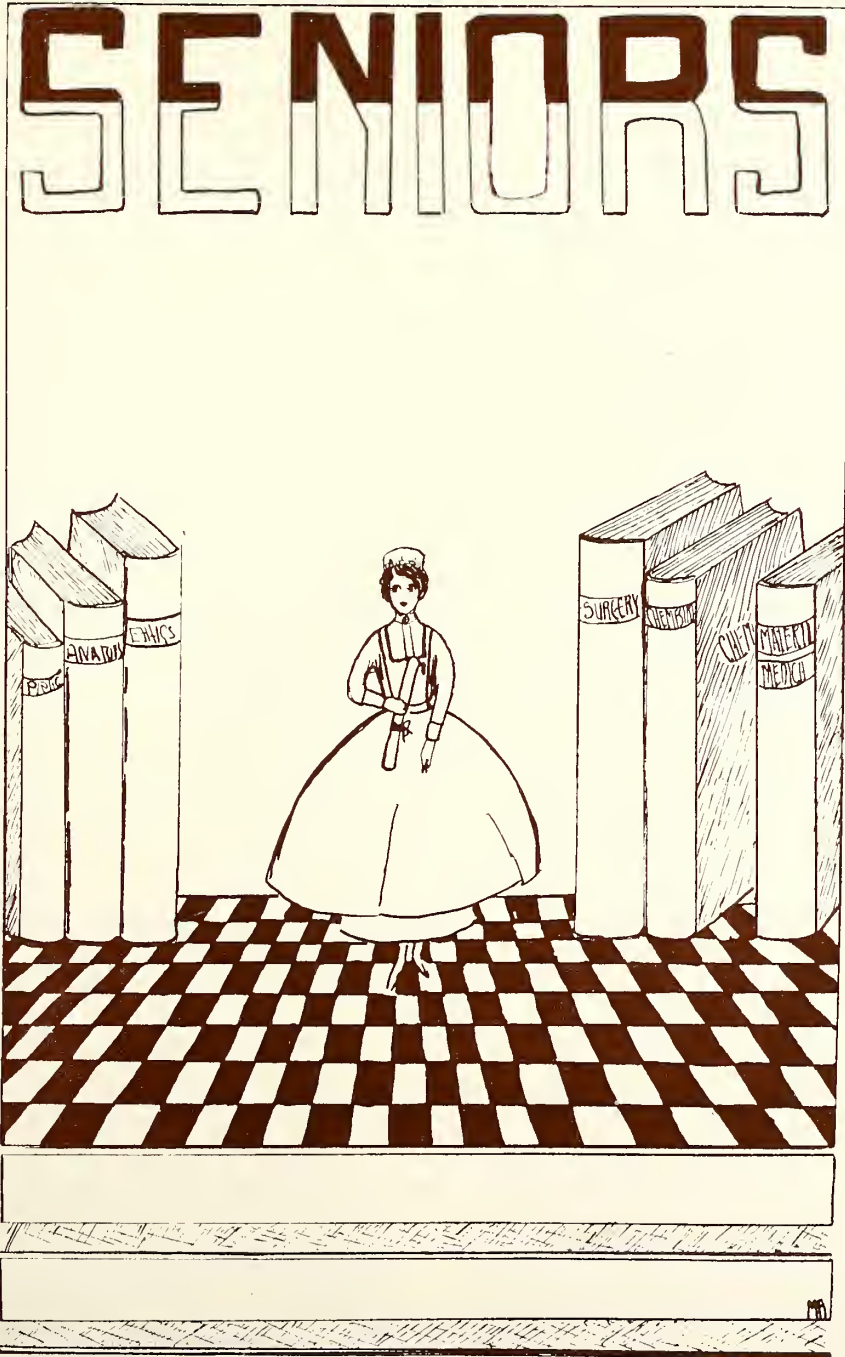
*And heal the sick that are therein,
And say unto them, The kingdom of
God is come nigh unto you.*

THE NURSE

This world grows better year by year,
Because some nurse in her little sphere
 Puts on her apron and smiles and sings,
 And keeps on doing the same old things.
Taking the temperature, giving the pills,
To remedy mankind's numerous ills.
 Feeding the baby, answering bells,
 Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same professional smile—
 Blessing the new-born babe's first breath,
 Closing the eyes that are still in death;
Taking the blame for the doctor's mistakes,
Oh dear! what a lot of patience it takes!
 Going off duty at eight o'clock,
 Tired, discouraged and ready to drop.

But called back on special at eight-fifteen,
With woe in her heart which must not be seen.
 Morning and evening, noon and night,
 Just doing it over and hoping it's right.
When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
Oh Lord, will You give us just one little star
 To wear in our crowns with the uniforms new,
 In the city above where the Head Nurse is YOU.





ORVILLA FALSTED
OLIVE FROST

EDITH COUZENS

CAROLINE LONGBEIN
MARGARET NICOLAI



SARAH WARNER
JANE DUNCAN

ELIZABETH FULLER

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WINIFRED MCGEE



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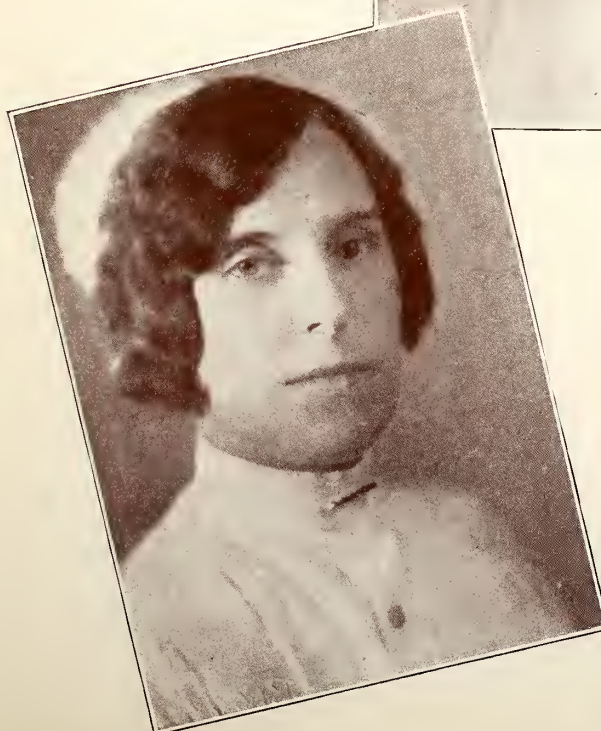
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RUTH BRINKERHOFF



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HENRIETTA BRUBAKER

NELL BELSLEY

ALICE BRINK
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RUTH HOGAN

BUELAH GOEBEL
DORIS HOLDREN



EMMA MAE HEINTZ
DOROTHY KULAS

IDA KEADING

EBBA HALLEEN
VICTORIA KUSTA



ADELE KLEIN
AFFA LOFT

LAURA TURLEY

MARGUERITE LUNBECK
MARJORY MUMMA



NORMA RACH
ANNE PETERSON

HELENE PETERS

BLANCHE RUCHMAN
ELEANOR PROVOLT



LOUISE J. SMITH
THELMA SCHLOATMAN

CAROLINE STEWART

LOUIE LEE SMITH
LUCILLE SCHWEDLER



VERNIE SEDAR
MIRIAM STRYKER

HELEN SWENSON

PHYLLIS SEAMAN
MARGARET STONER



LUCIA MARLETTE
ISABELLE O'REILLY

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR

LUCILLE MOORE
RUTH MONTGOMERY

A History of the Class of 1928A



IN A MODERN TIME and in a modern way twenty-seven frightened but determined females entered the giant Zeppelin, "St. Luke's--'28A". At first they stood in awe of its huge splendor. Soon, however, they realized that, like any other ship, effort was necessary to make it fly successfully.

With Miss Pringle and Miss Mack as officers, these twenty-seven girls started on their first real adventure into the field of nursing.

There was a four-month probation period with heavy classes, in which the crew was taught the mechanism of the machine.

Being homesick, discouraged and weary at the end of this given time, about seven abandoned the airship. This did not discourage the rest, for the huge ship arose and flew steadily and unharmed for two long months.

It was great fun to ride in the air even if difficulties often did arise. However, it was with a sense of relief that the aviators once more stepped upon Mother Earth. They enjoyed a four weeks vacation and returned with renewed vigor to finish the journey.

A History of the Class of 1928A—Continued

During the long year that followed there were many heartaches and headaches. Two of the crew decided to use the parachute and dropped suddenly as they drew near the Earth over the huge Island of Holy Matrimony. This left the group with only fourteen sturdy workers. It was during this year that all were promoted to the rank of Seniors, thereafter appearing in their stiff, high-necked collars. They approached the Isle of Vacation once more with a sigh of relief.

The last and third year flew by much more quickly than the second. Parties and entertainments were not unknown on this blimp, and many good times were enjoyed.

As the end of the long journey drew near, the Captain, Miss Pringle, resigned. Mrs. Crocker was then appointed to steer the huge Zeppelin to safety.

So ends the story of the Zeppelin "St. Luke's—'28A", which has completed its journey but promises to be never tiring in the expedition in the field of nursing.

SARAH WARNER.



ELLA M. BEST

JULIA GABEL

ETHELYN PETERSON

Our Instructors

A History of the Class of 1928B



HICAGO SEEMED TO SWELTER beneath the scorching rays of the sun during the early Fall days of 1925. The weather really didn't seem the sort intended for work or school, and yet it was with a feeling of exhilaration that eighty-nine students entered the St. Luke's Hospital Training School.

The girls were taken to their respective rooms as they arrived at the office. To each and all it seemed as though they were engaged in a speed contest to appear as quickly as possible in uniform and cap. They then travelled to the wards and experienced their first attempts to do the routine ward work.

The following days were filled with excitingly new occupations. To almost all of these preliminaries the work they were expected to do was so different from what they had been previously doing that each day seemed to be filled with a maze of new difficulties and problems.

Class work started in October. The first subjects were: Ethics, Nursing Procedures, Anatomy, Bacteriology, Nursing History, Hygiene and Sanitation and Materia Medica. Classes began at eight in the morning. The students were given two hours off duty each day and generally two or three hours were spent on the floors.

The classroom windows face Lake Michigan and its glorious blue surface was frequently sufficient to lure the minds of the students away from the books before them.

A History of the Class of 1928B—Continued

The examinations were scheduled in February. Many of the nurses had contracted scarlet fever and were in quarantine at this time. This necessitated review classes. Everyone anxiously watched the bulletin board as the grades were posted and how happily those receiving qualifying grades donned the lovely organdy caps of the School!

The new Junior nurses soon accepted their additional responsibilities. Class officers were elected as follows:

<i>President</i>	HELENE PETERS
<i>Vice-President</i>	RUTH BRINKERHOFF
<i>Secretary</i>	RUTH MONTGOMERY
<i>Treasurer</i>	LOIS GRIVETTI

The second year sped by as quickly as the first. There were Hallowe'en and Christmas parties to liven the holidays. It was during the first two years that over thirty of the nurses left training, some to marry and others to find new work.

The next year the class started on its various rounds of activities. The dignified Seniors were certainly kept very busy. The material was collected for THE VOYAGEUR. Parties, dances and candy sales were held to raise money.

The "Big Sister" plan was tried out after Christmas and proved successful. The preliminaries co-operated well, making the feeling between the two classes decidedly congenial, and keeping many a new student free from heartache and homesickness.

Then at the last the plans for graduation with its beautiful services were made and the joy of seeing one's folks and friends, anticipated. The future stretches before them and it is filled with new hopes and possibilities.

HELENE PETERS.



A History of the Class of 1929A



TWO YEARS HAVE BROUGHT many changes and new experiences to the Class of '29A. The group that numbered twenty-six girls in February of 1926 has dwindled to fifteen.

Now that we are counting the months instead of years, we like to look back to the earlier months of our training, and laugh and weep with the "probies" of that memorable Spring. With what trepidation and embarrassment we first stepped into the wards, and how we worked for those distant, much desired caps! Will any of us forget our

A History of the Class of 1929A—Continued

weekly expeditions? We wandered through the Museum and Art Institute, were formally conducted through the Federal Building, Hull House, The University of Chicago, the Tribune Building and Marshall Fields'. Last but not least we had a picnic at Thornton Forest Preserve.

Through it all we were surely and expertly guided by Miss Ella Best. Only those who know her realize the help and inspiration she gave the younger students.

With the flying months have come new duties and responsibilities, new disappointments and new happiness. Such a small group as ours can only hope to accomplish great things by hearty co-operation with the larger student body.

We look forward to graduation with the mingled eagerness and regret that always attends the leaving of an Alma Mater and the beginning of life's work.

VIRGINIA FORSYTHE.



A History of Class of 1929B



WAS AWAKENED EARLY by the sound of loud voices and heavy footsteps outside my chamber door. I struggled violently with myself to keep from going out and strangling the wretches. Instead, I took to reading of the *Five Hundred* and was struck by the lines:

*Theirs not to question why,
Theirs but to do or die.*

I was reminded of our class at the beginning of September, 1926. Indeed, on thinking of those first six months sends me to the depths and thinks I there are many unsung martyrs and heroines in this world of ours. In all of our trials and tribulations during those first hectic days, I was chagrined quite a little, and a mite maddened when our worthy Secretary carolled that if ignorance was bliss, we must have all been blisters.

History of Class 1929B—Continued

Numbering almost a hundred in the beginning, we dwindled down to about fifty. We have hopes of keeping our present number to the end. During the early days, we assembled one eve and showed our ignorance of parliamentary law in an election of class officers. They were:

President.....BLANCHE CLEVELAND
Vice-President.....ONALEE BRACE
Secretary.....ELSIE PELLETIER
Treasurer.....BEATRICE EGAN

Why we needed a Treasurer is bothering me to this day.

Then came the day when we wore our hibs—our first taste of what we thought then the real thing. Then the agonizing days followed, until we were capped—capped—was that not the last word of attainment along the stony trail? After struggling five months for that seemingly unattainable bit of organdy, were we not due for a thrill? Ah, we tramped the corridors for a week with our heads in the clouds, our minds above all earthly things. However, we learned that the possession of caps did not bestow any special knowledge on our unsuspecting heads.

Through another half year of night duties especially we existed, until one day we stepped forth in all the self-consciousness of the first cross on the sleeve. The joy of wearing them was a little dampened by one thing—the making of them!

Then arrived what we thought the most wonderful month in the year—March, which brought us our Senior linen and gave us the day of our lives, our first taste of victory. The knighting of King Arthur's men had nothing on us. Truly the world seemed enclosed in a little red fence. We were even proud of the red line the collars made around our necks—for is not that the mark of the chosen? Again we come to Earth, harder than ever this time, our goal still so far in the future that sometimes we falter and almost stop, to be urged on again by the memory of those who have gone before.

One of the most enjoyable times we remember is the party the Senior Class gave in our honor. They were truly wonderful hostesses; we speak as one in appreciation of the good time we had. One thing remains clear in our minds: We appreciate the operating-room scene more and more as time goes on.

During the Spring of 1927 we entertained the members of the Class of 1930A. We were entertained, too, by one of their members doing the Black Bottom dance. It was St. Patrick's Day, and we could hardly see one another for green shamrocks.

The last social event we had a hand in was a party our class and the 1929A's gave—dancing and bridge furnishing entertainment. At this party we vowed to have more of the same, but the time has gone so fast, we can hardly realize that only a little over a year is left.

We would like to thank the Senior Class of 1928 for making our preliminary work bearable. Their help has meant so much to us, as only those who have been "probies" can realize. We wish you all the luck and happiness in the world.

BLANCHE CLEVELAND.

INTERMEDIATES





History of Class 1930A



OUR SHIP WAS LAUNCHED in February, 1927. It was with grave foreboding that we started out on this unknown sea, intending to come to the opposite shore in 1930. It took an immense amount of courage to follow up the routine of those first days. Even going to the dining-room was a momentous occasion. We stood in awe of those starched white figures and dared not venture far into the bustle and hurry about us.

Led by our calm, enthusiastic Captain, Miss Kay, we passed an enjoyable year aboard the ship. During our preliminary period, we innocently indulged in a party given by the Class of 1929B. Never did we feel at sea, being well guided by our skilled seaman, Miss McConnell.

The daily routine was broken by Miss Shannon's very thoughtful surprises in the way of "get togethers". She also proved a very efficient chaperone for various parties.

Our ship is on the second year. Some of our crew have gone back to the shore with our deepest regrets. In the year of 1930 our ship will lead the swift little fleet into the harbor with our colors flying high.



THE CITY

*I searched along the avenue, for one familiar face,
In all the crowd that came and went along from
place to place.*

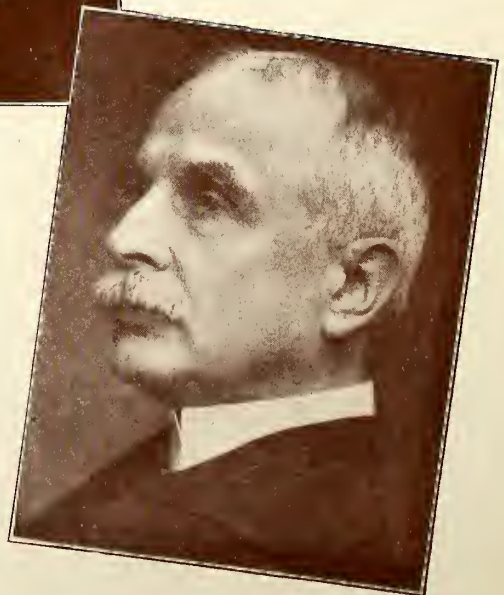
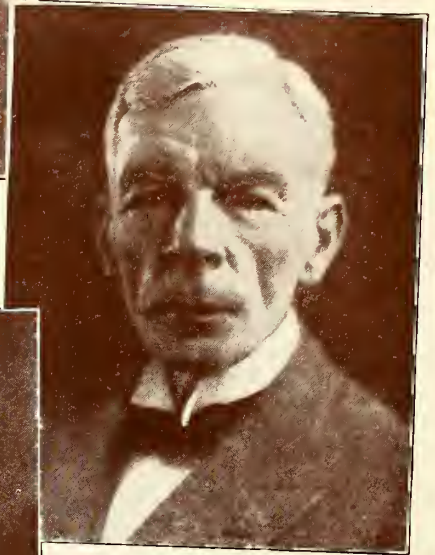
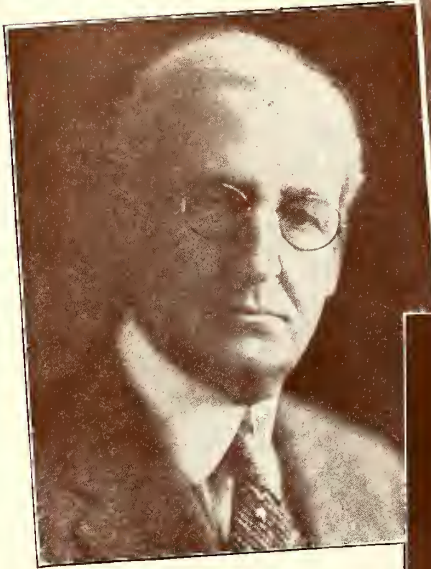
*I searched in large department stores, in cars, and
busses, too,*

*But all my searching was in vain; the faces all were
new.*

RUTH WACA, '30.

*The greatest joy in the world is the joy of service.
The greatest power in the world is the power of
love.*

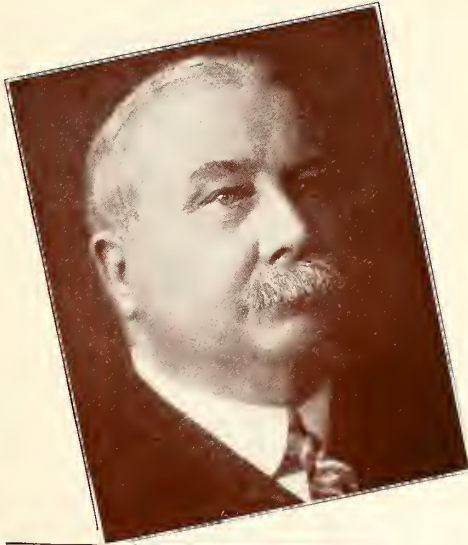
*The greatest rule in the world is the Golden Rule.
The greatest war in the world is the war with our-
selves.*



JOHN L. PORTER, M. D.
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T. MELVILLE HARDIE, M. D.
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EDWIN W. RYERSON, M. D.
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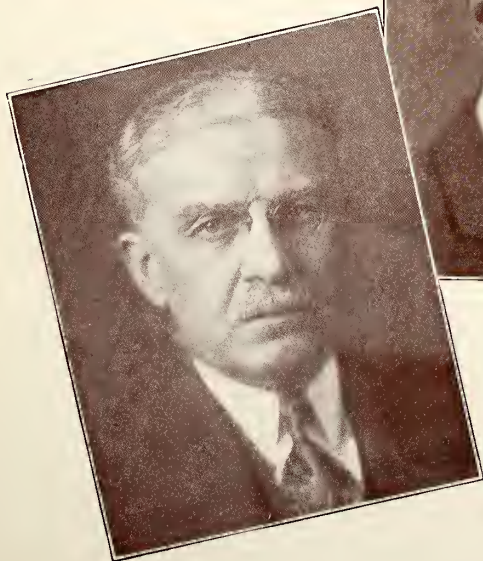
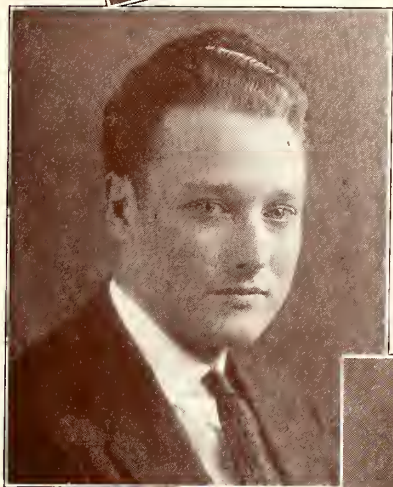
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SIDNEY PORTIS, M. D.
FRANK CARY, M. D.

BERNARD PORTIS, M. D.
LEROY THOMPSON, M. D.

MILTON PORTIS, M. D.
DAN WILLIAMS



EDWIN F. HIRSCH, M. D. G. G. BUFORD, M. D.
LEO CLOWES, M. D. R. R. DUFF, M. D. W. R. CUBBINS, M. D.
JAMES GREER, M. D. DWIGHT ORCUTT, M. D.

"We are all 'condamnes' as Victor Hugo says. We are all under sentence to death, but with a short reprieve—we have an interval and then our place knows us no more—our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time."





H. J. COLLINS
HARRY A. AMESBURY

WM. S. SCHLEY, Chief Intern
A. REINHOLD ANDERSON

ARNOLD BARR
BURR BOSTON



NELSON F. FISHER
CLARK F. RICH
ELMER T. SWAN

THEOPHIL P. GRAUER
ARTHUR C. JONES

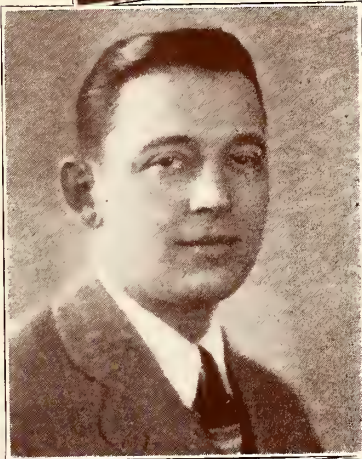
E. H. DUNN
J. DANIEL WILLEMS
LESTER JENKINSON



BURTON R. BANCROFT
GEORGE H. PHELPS
ROLAND REMBE

DONALD K. HIBBS
WM. C. EGLOFF

E. W. McELIGOTT
KENNETH POWER
MARSHALL H. JONES



FOSTER E. PRIDDY
LAMERE MARTIN MARES
ROBERT C. HEATHERINGTON

A. GRIMES
GEO. C. FINOLA
WALTER H. CALHOUN

D. J. LADD
C. C. STEIN
GEO. KOIWIN



EARL LATIMER

MICHAEL E. RUDOLPH

PAUL B. BRESLICH

H. B. ELLIOTT

FRANK COCHEMS

A. W. JOHNSTONE

H. F. MEYER

F. L. McMILLAN

C. M. LAMBERT



W. S. GRIFFITH

CLARENCE SHEARON

E. O. AMBERSON

WALLACE H. LONGWORTH

and

L. M. THOMPSON

A. L. CLARK

THOMAS J. COOGAN

PERCY ROSS in Examination Room

HENRY A. MEADE



HISTORY OF INTERNE STAFF

The birth of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, in 1861, found no regularly appointed internes on the staff. This condition existed until 1880, when Dr. Norton Strong received an appointment as interne.

His duties were of a general nature, serving both departments, medicine and surgery, which maintained a service of sixty-five beds.

This innovation may be regarded as an unusual experiment, in as far as the present staff consisting of forty-six men evolved from this solitary interne of forty-seven years ago.

As the various branches of medicine became more complex in their demands, their many interests of the Hospital increased, as did the number of internes. The number of applicants progressively increased until in 1896 it was deemed advisable that the appointments be competitive so that the high standards of the founders in 1861 be maintained.

At this time Mr. L. R. Curtis, who is now acting in the capacity of Vice-President of St. Luke's, took charge of the interne staff. By careful study he developed the so-called rotation of services. Thus each interne is enabled to enlarge in twelve distinct divisions of medicine or surgery during his first year with a choice of that service to which he is best adapted during his second or Senior year. This latter consists of a period of three months in some division of medicine or surgery, the choice depending upon the individual.

At the present time Mr. Curtis is ably assisted by Dr. Wm. Schley. Acting in the capacity of Chief Interne, Dr. Schley is directly responsible for the conduct of the interne staff, arranging for the services, and, in addition, giving a series of lectures wherein special emphasis is based upon the standards of St. Luke's.

This has established in the present staff the realization of the magnitude that St. Luke's enjoys in the medical realm.

L. M. MARES.

Speaking of Internes

There are internes big and husky,
Fat and lean or short or tall,
Well, I'll try and do my darndest
To tell a bit about them all.

There is Bancroft—always cheerful,
Helpful, not so hard to please,
A winning smile for everyone,
In health or in disease.

Gruff and ready, Dr. Shearon—
Brr! A shiver up the spine
As he storms about the records
And hands you out a line.

M. H. Jones and L. S. Griffith
Are the ones for earnest work,
Hitting high spots and avoiding
Places where the troubles lurk.

They're small, both Rich and Rembe;
They'll do big things some day!
How oft we've heard them ask us:
"Please, will you show us the way?"

Ah! Amesbury approacheth
With a look serene—concerned,
Is he the sort of "he man"
For which girls oft have yearned? (Question)

Efficient "sheiks" like Coogan
And Longworth make one think
That whenever they are wanted
They'll supply the missing link.

Meyers and Cochems can adapt themselves
To all without delay,
Soon engrossed in conversation
Just to pass the time away.

They hail from sunny Southland,
These two, Calhoun and Grimes,
They'll soon be quite accomplished
And begin to save their dimes.

Loves to talk, (he's straight from Elgin)
With unchanging "smiley" mein,
Conscientious—we know Clark
In his work has interest keen.

It's plugging forward daily
And doing it alone,
That makes us think of Priddy,
Heatherington and A. Johnstone.

Brother Breslick—oh, so happy!
Turned up nose and twinkling eyes,
Turning heads of maidens many,
Wrecking hearts of other guys.

SPEAKING OF INTERNES—Continued

Shy and sober, much too quiet,
Thoughtful, full of humor droll,
You're darned right he knows his onions—
Thompson's here to reach his goal!

Now Ted Grauer must be noted
For his kind and pleasing ways,
Sympathetic, calm and steady,
Has "it" everybody says.

Make haste! Here's Andy Anderson,
With Fisher by his side.
Their object is to hurry;
Why wait long to decide?

"Dutch" Mares and "Mike" Rudolph,
Geo. Finola, Boston (Bunny),
Jolly fellows—all are "cut-ups",
Making situations funny.

Oh, Hibbsey likes to scout around
To see what he can find;
He's Johnny on the spot, it seems,
He'll not be left behind.

Quite slow and easy going,
Yet anxious to succeed,
They'll be successful—watch 'em!
Wm. Egloff and H. Meade.

So tender hearted, Koiwin,
And Willems. too—you sec
Theirs is to labor on
And with the world agree.

S. Stein and F. McMillan,
Like play as well as work,
But if their help is wanted
I'm sure they'll never shirk.

So commanding, prompt, is Latimer—
(He's from Arkansas, you know)
He pals with Lambert—doubtful, meek,
Who questions: "Is that so?"

Dear me! He looks so sleepy!
No, he isn't, Amberson—
He's just thinking, contemplating
On the next job to be done.

Now Elliott is popular
And we call him "Hick".
Sure, we'd choose him in a pickle
If we always had our pick.

John Ladd—well, words fail to express our
thoughts either one way or the other.

We nurses wish you all success,
Prosperity and ease,
When you hang a shingle on your door,
And do just as you please.

RUTH BRINKERHOFF, '28B.



PEARL CRAWFORD

LYDIA BLIZNAK

BESS PATTON

JOY IRWIN

Modern Nursing Education

In the early days of hospitals and training schools, very little was heard about the educational department. The young woman came to the hospital to learn how to care for the sick and this she did by actually caring for the patients from the first day she began her training. Although she received very little training in theory, many a capable and efficient nurse was released from her hospital under this regime.

In later years more has been demanded of the nurse, consequently more is being demanded from the hospital that prepares her. At first the director of nurses, assisted by a few lectures from the physicians on the staff, gave all the instruction that was thought necessary. This condition still exists in many of our hospitals. Those institutions that today are striving to meet the demands of modern training have at least one full-time instructor and if there are many students to be trained, there must be more instructors who are well prepared not only as nurses, but as teachers. The necessary equipment for the demonstration of nursing procedures and for the instruction of sciences must be accommodated in proper classrooms. To these we add libraries, study rooms and offices, then the educational unit is complete.

In thus centering the instruction into a somewhat separate department, what have we gained and what have we lost? An attempt at least has been made to give the student a professional training which will place her on an equal footing with any other profession. During her preliminary training, she is carefully prepared to care for the sick correctly and efficiently. She is also given sufficient scientific background to teach her the why of the many things which she must do. After her preliminary period, a much greater time is spent on the ward where her future instruction is unfortunately often dependent to a large extent on her own powers of observation. The recent case-study method and ward clinic have been most helpful in aiding her to observe correctly. Many schools now add to their curriculum sociology, psychology,

MODERN NURSING EDUCATION

Continued

sanitation and like subjects which are allied to the nursing profession. This helps to give the nurse a broader view of her usefulness to the community at large. Cultural opportunities are also offered, so that she may perhaps learn something of the arts while in training. All of these things bring forth all that is best in the student's character, and are really important additions to the nurse's training.

In one aspect at least we have lost, as is made evident by the complaint which is quite generally heard from all parts of the country. The complaint is this: From the head nurse and supervisors—that the instructors are inconsiderate and expect the impossible; from the instructors—that the head nurses and supervisors do not co-operate. This, I believe, is the result of the more or less isolated position which the educational department has unfortunately achieved. As a matter of fact, only a few at best are doing classroom instruction, while the most important instructors of all are those who frequently do not class themselves as such. The most impressive instruction that can be given is in the ward.

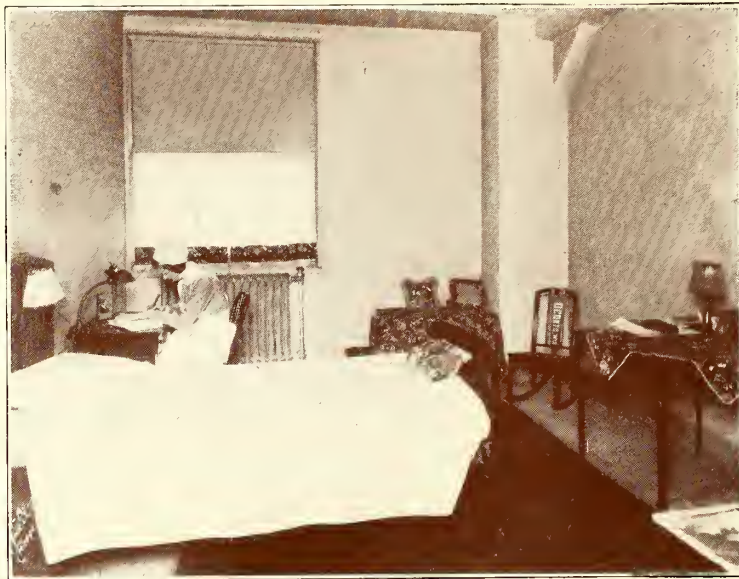
The good results which case-study has achieved in awakening a vital interest in the student suggests that it is through this and similar means that advance instruction may be made less didactic than by the present lecture system. By such methods the instruction is carried on in the ward where the patient is studied with the assistance of the doctors and nurse instructor, all working together. This is placing the emphasis on ward work and changing it from a monotonous routine to an ever-increasing source of interest and instruction.

Much thought and work is today being given to the evolving of a better plan for training nurses. The first aim leads away from the formal classroom work, placing before the nurse all the wealth of clinical material to be found in any modern hospital. The second aim is to make her more than an efficient nurse and to develop in her that individuality suggested by Richard Cabot, whose life shall be four-square through the desire to work, the zest for play, the capacity for love and the inclination to worship.

JOY IRWIN.



THE CLASSROOM



A NURSE'S
ROOM



THE RECEPTION
ROOM



DIETETIC'S LABORA-
TORY



THE CHEMISTRY
LABORATORY

MAIN TWO CLASS-
ROOM





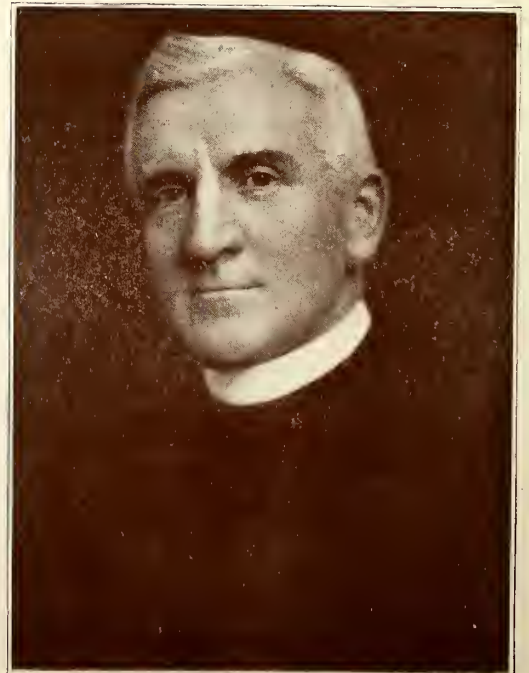
CHAPEL INTERIOR

THE CHAPLAIN OF ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, CHICAGO,
To the Graduating Class of 1928 of St. Luke's Training School for Nurses,
GREETING:

Having been asked to contribute a short article to the Class Year Book of 1928, the Chaplain desires, first of all, to express his appreciation of so unexpected a request.

After congratulating one and all of the nurses who make up the Graduating Class of 1928, it is quite natural to turn to that part of St. Luke's around which a nurse's first and last recollections cluster: The Chapel and its daily service.

It is generally known, I think, among the nurses that the Chaplain of St. Luke's is also the Rector of Grace Episcopal Church, but it is doubtful whether all see the logical reason for such a connection. Long years ago the Rev. Clinton Locke was the Rector of Grace Church, from 1859 to 1895. He was one of the best-known men of Chicago in his day, with wide sympathies for the poor,



the sick and the suffering, and felt the need of more adequate care for human ailments than obtained in the city half a century ago. It was quite largely owing to his untiring efforts that St. Luke's Hospital was started, and in its early days the institution may be said to have been the child of Grace Church and of its Rector, until it was big enough, and strong enough, to be self-supporting.

St. Luke's has seen many improvements and enlargements in recent times. Its Chapel, now altogether inadequate to the demands made upon it on any special occasion, was built some fifty years ago. While the Hospital has steadily increased in size and influence, Grace Church has, on the contrary, owing to conditions which she could neither remedy nor control, found it impossible to maintain former high standards. This has been markedly so since the disastrous fire of 1915, which entirely wiped out its fine, spacious church in which St. Luke's Annual Graduating Exercises were held. After long and careful thought it was decided that the parish would be working to better purpose by linking up its religious interests with the Hospital. Thus has come about the union of Grace Church with St. Luke's Hospital.

It may be of interest to the Class of 1928 to know that the Church of St. James, in which the Annual Graduating Exercises have been held since Grace Church was destroyed, is the Mother Church of Chicago—that is, so far as the Episcopal Church is concerned. St. James's is one of the very few buildings left to us which antedates the great fire of 1871, for while the main part of the church was wiped out, the beautiful tower built in 1857 remained intact. It is therefore a distinct privilege to the members of any Graduating Class to receive their diplomas and badges in so historic a building.

And yet it is not so much the old Grace Church, nor St. James's as the Mother Church of Chicago, to which the thoughts of graduates of St. Luke's Training School for Nurses will frequently revert in the years to come, as the little, unpretentious Chapel within the Hospital which has witnessed so many comings and goings; the forming and fulfillment of so many high resolutions, and which has endeared itself through sacred associations to hundreds of those who are happy to claim St. Luke's as their Alma Mater. The new and much-needed Chapel which is now rising rapidly to transform past dreams into reality, will accommodate greater numbers and be much more beautiful in design and workmanship, but its services and worship can never exceed in heartiness those of the old Chapel which has contributed so much to the higher life of St. Luke's nurses in the past.

May God have in His loving and ever-watchful keeping the Class of 1928 and make all its members worthy of the institution of which they are accredited representatives.

The School of Nursing and its Relation to the Hospital

Hospitals and Schools of Nursing should be very closely associated. To achieve this, nothing is more important than co-operation between doctors, instructors, supervisors and student nurses. The importance and real value of this is gained only by loyal and devoted service, acquired by instruction, supervision, experience and keen observation.

As every institution, so also St. Luke's, started on a small but determined foundation, to which, through untiring efforts of great minds and willing hands, its walls are spreading into a huge net-work of life. Surgery and medicine are at this time making steady progress. New methods, ideas and problems are continually being brought forth by doctors who, through their extensive research work, are giving the public their one great aim—their very best.

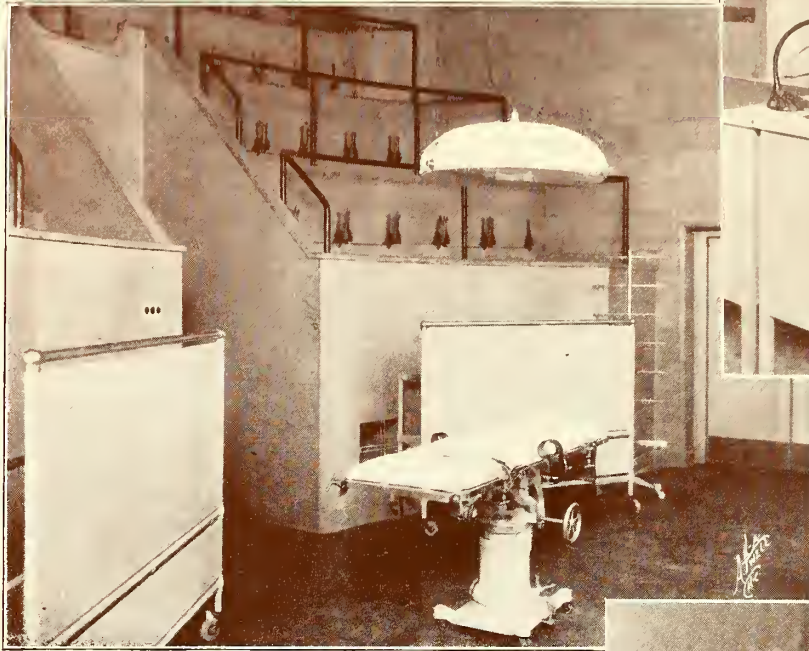
We have stated just briefly the growth of the Hospital; let us not fail to mention now the growth of the School of Nursing from 1900 until the present date. In 1900 only one or two student nurses were permitted to enter. Not until 1920 was a class as large as forty admitted. Within the last two years the enrollment has greatly increased, there being eighty students in the class which registered in September, 1927.

As the Hospital has grown, so have the opportunities for a greater and more varied nursing experience been made possible. The nurse of today is not only expected to be prepared to care for the sick, but to assist in the prevention and spread of disease through an understanding of the principles of hygiene and sanitation. The demand for a greater number of nurses who are qualified as teachers in nursing schools is very urgent and much encouragement is being given to those interested in nursing education.

It is hoped that the new residence for nurses with adequate classrooms, laboratories and recreational facilities will soon be erected in order that St. Luke's Hospital may continue to attract some of the most desirable young women to the profession of nursing.



A WARD IN THE MAIN BUILDING
A PRIVATE ROOM IN SMITH MEMORIAL



THE AMPHITHEATRE,
MAIN NINETEEN



HEAD NURSE'S
DESK



A DRESSING ROOM



ANOTHER VIEW OF
THE AMPHITHEATRE

The Laboratory Department



THE RIPENING WARMTH of a Wisconsin mid-Summer's day, the first faint splashes of red and gold in the woods, the lazy strident cadence of the singing cicadas, and the quiet hum of affairs in an urban city greeted the beginning of a life which in manhood years was so held with respect and affection by his associates that when he died these friends paused and among themselves gave thought how the good as exemplified in his life might be symbolized to live on as an inspiration and a service to others. So lived Henry Baird Favill, and in memory of his goodness, friends gave of their thought and substance to the end that the Laboratory on the eighteenth floor of the Main Building of St. Luke's Hospital was built and given his name.

The realization of this memorial reached its culmination by the joining of efforts from several sources. From the earliest beginning of St. Luke's Hospital routine laboratory tests of some kind have been made for patients and later when Dr. E. R. LeCount was obtained as consultant and a resident pathologist was appointed, a better and more effective organization was obtained. For years, excepting a short interim during the War, this arrangement continued. When, after this period of growth, the time came to erect the Main Building of the Hospital, the plan of enlargement into a memorial to Dr. Favill was evolved, and while the plans as made provided definitely for research work, the development of this department had already advanced to a considerable degree in the old laboratory.

The Hospital itself has always fostered such investigations, because the zeal and results of research studies improve the routine examinations made for patients. Other



A SECTION OF THE
RESEARCH LABORA-
TORY



THE HOSPITAL
LIBRARY



THE BACTERIOLOGY
LABORATORY

THE LABORATORY DEPARTMENT—Continued

sources of support gradually came. Among the first of these was the Winfield Peck Memorial Fund, administered through Dr. J. A. Capps, then the John Jay Borland Fellowship in Medicine, established in 1922 by Mrs. Harriett Borland; after this the Seymour Coman Fellowship, arranged through the Chemistry Department of the University of Chicago, and finally the Charles H. Schweppe Fellowship.

All of these were in operation, excepting the last mentioned, before the Henry Baird Favill Laboratory was occupied. On June 20th, 1925, the new quarters were ready and the shift was made from the old laboratory into the new. The arrangements here had been carefully planned by Mr. L. R. Curtis, in themselves a splendid example of research, and altogether about thirty individual rooms were provided so that work of different kinds would be done in separate places. In this way rooms were equipped according to the nature of the particular routine examinations to be made for patients, as for example, bacteriology, chemistry, serology, pathology, etc. Other rooms were set apart for research workers, but all arranged into an organized effective unit.

The Hospital Library also is on the Laboratory floor and since a librarian has been placed in charge many new volumes have been obtained by the Hospital and by members of the staff, through subscription, and by the exchange of duplicate volumes given by various friends.

Housed in quarters far above the ground, the Laboratory windows look out to the north and east on pleasant days to gather quiet inspiration from the broad, blue expanse of the lake, or on gray days to sense an awe-inspiring power from ponderous waves tossed along the shore. To the south and west they look out over Chicago, stretching itself in tall spires and flat buildings into the air, and forever saying: "There is something to do."



Social Service



OCIAL WORK IN ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL was started in 1913. The activities at this time, which were confined chiefly to Hospital patients, were carried on by one worker supported by an interested member of the Woman's Board.

The development of the department during the past few years has been in connection with the special clinics where the social worker co-operates very closely with the doctor. She secures a knowledge of the patient's home, such facts as may influence the prognosis and affect the plan of treatment suggested by the doctor.

In 1922 the department was quartered in a single room on the third floor of the Indiana Avenue building. The clinics occupied four small rooms in the basement. The personnel consisted of four workers. Clinic visits for that year were seven thousand, two hundred and fifty-five.

In January, 1924, when construction of the new Main Building was begun, the department was moved to a storeroom on Michigan Avenue, adjoining the Hospital. Here the activities were carried on with some difficulty, but work in the department continued to increase.

SOCIAL SERVICE—Continued

In April, 1925, the department moved to the present quarters in the Main Building. In August, 1927, the Kirkwood addition was opened as another waiting room and thirteen additional clinic rooms. During 1927 nine thousand, three hundred and forty-seven patients made twenty-five thousand, three hundred and thirty-three visits to the clinics.

The present staff consists of eight workers, a nurse in charge of clinics, two student nurses, and a number of volunteers.

The following case, which we shall describe, is a typical one:

Mrs. M., a woman of foreign extraction, lived in one of the poorer sections of the Northwest Side. She supported herself and two little girls, aged eleven and twelve, by keeping roomers and doing homework.

Mrs. M. became suddenly ill one day and was brought to the Hospital as an emergency case, leaving the children at home, and arranged with a kindly neighbor to care for the children. This she agreed to do without charge.

The rent on Mrs. M.'s humble home was \$60.00 in arrears, and the landlord had given a "five-day notice."

Mrs. M. soon recovered from her operation and was placed in a convalescent home while plans for her new home were being made. Fuel and food were supplied and through the aid of the United Charities Mrs. M. was enabled to move into a bright, sunny apartment back in her old neighborhood where she had lived in more prosperous days.

Some home work was secured for Mrs. M. The children were supplied with clothing, and sent back to school. The mental and physical condition of the mother was much improved—the little family was happy again.

The watchword of the department is *Service* and, while every patient does not require the services of a social worker, a friendly interest is taken in each one.

ANNA C. ARMSTRONG.



Pediatrics



EDIATRICS, when St. Luke's Hospital was opened was not included as a department. Children entering the Hospital were placed in adult wards and were cared for by attending physicians and surgeons.

In 1892, it became necessary to devote more space to the care of children. When the five-story building on Indiana Avenue was erected, the J wing on the fourth floor was chosen as the children's ward. This wing, containing thirty beds and the necessary equipment, was furnished by the Wards and named for their daughter, Florence.

In 1898, Dr. F. Walls was the attending pediatrician. In 1908 the department had increased to the extent that three pediatricians were in charge. Drs. F. Walls, H. W. Chaney, and Brenneman, now of the Children's Memorial Hospital.

The J department soon became too small to accommodate this department and a new wing was erected, containing seventy beds, with Drs. Parmelee, Bachmann and Gibson in charge.

In 1925 the Main Building on Indiana Avenue was completed. The pediatric department being on the eighth floor with Drs. Isaac Abt, Arthur Abt, Bachmann and Stanley Gibson in attendance. The now modern department consists of a boys' ward, girls' ward, nursery, small rooms for isolation precautions, sun parlor and play rooms, the latter equipped with a radio, piano, Victrola and all sorts of toys for the children's amusement. A kindergarten teacher spends several hours each morning with the children. In this way their school work is not neglected during their stay in the Hospital.

In this department, under continuous supervision of graduate nurses, children from birth to twelve years of age are cared for.

It is through this department that Social Service is able to obtain relief for many children of poor, ignorant, or neglectful parents. These patients are given care and treatment as long as is necessary, and the home conditions are investigated at intervals in order to promote their welfare.

(See Page 116 for Illustration)



The Alumnae Association



HE GRADUATES of St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing formed an Association in 1896, and took out papers of incorporation in 1898, thirty-two years ago.

St. Luke's is so full of tradition and happy memories of service to the sick, that every graduate who goes over its threshold realizes that she has received an intangible something in return for her services

which will hold her in good stead for the rest of her life no matter where she goes.

The Alumnae Association does two outstanding things, or at least stands for these things—namely, keeping to high standards and ideals of our profession, and helping the individual graduate in time of illness.

It is our greatest desire that in the near future every member of every class will join this Association even before she finishes her training, and that during the last few months in the school she will find out and know as much about Alumnae affairs as the member graduate of thirty years ago. Will not the Class of 1928 establish this precedent? More than a thousand nurses have received the diploma of this fine old school of nursing, and there is hope that in another year at least five hundred will belong to the Association.

Some of the graduates to whom we look with great pride may be found in the list of Who's Who in the nursing world. We think first of Margaret Johnstone, who was superintendent of the school for many years. In memory of her great service the Alumnae endowed two rooms in the Hospital. Jane Allen, now executive head of the National Organization of Public Health Nursing, is another Alumnae member who has made a record for our school. So has Adda Eldredge, working early and late for nursing standards since the day she graduated. Miss Eldredge served two successive terms as President of the American Nurses' Association, and every St. Luke's nurse has reason to be grateful to her for the splendid ideals she carried out.

As President of the Alumnae Association, I would like to say that our friendship and interest in the Class of 1928 is very genuine and we stand ready to welcome you to the Alumnae Association at any time.

HARRIET FULMER, R. N.

“Florence Nightingale”



LORENCE MEANS FLOWERS, and flowers bring happiness and cheer. The nightingale with its song in the night brings joy. So it is not strange that one who always brought comfort and cheer should be named Florence Nightingale. She was born in Florence, Italy, in 1820, the daughter of a wealthy English landowner.

When a child she had great sympathy for the sick and suffering. As a young woman she left her opportunity of a brilliant social career to study nursing in Germany. Nursing has been on a level with that of domestic service, but Florence Nightingale raised it to a fine art. She nursed for several years in Germany and in England.

Then came the Crimean War in 1854. Miss Nightingale immediately volunteered as a nurse. She found the hospitals filled with sick, wounded and dying soldiers—four thousand suffering from cholera. But she came ministering to them in their every need, cooking, washing, writing their letters, reading to them and at night, with a lamp in her hand, going from bed to bed to comfort and cheer.

At the close of the war Queen Victoria gave her a beautiful jewel and the government gave her money with which she founded the Nightingale School for Nurses.

She died in 1910, having lived a life of unselfish, unwearied devotion, and she is a torchbearer to thousands who have followed in her footsteps.

Florence Nightingale Pledge



SOLEMNLY PLEDGE myself before God, and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."



Margaret Edith Johnstone

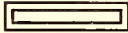
*Her work so nobly planned is ours to do.
Her life so truly lived shines out afar,
With light as clear as some bright evening star.
Let us work on with faith and aims as true.*

*Faithfully leading onward, day by day,
Strong with the hidden strength that conquers all,
Bravely enduring till the final call,
Such was her life. Honor to her alway!*

MINNIE D. WILBUR.

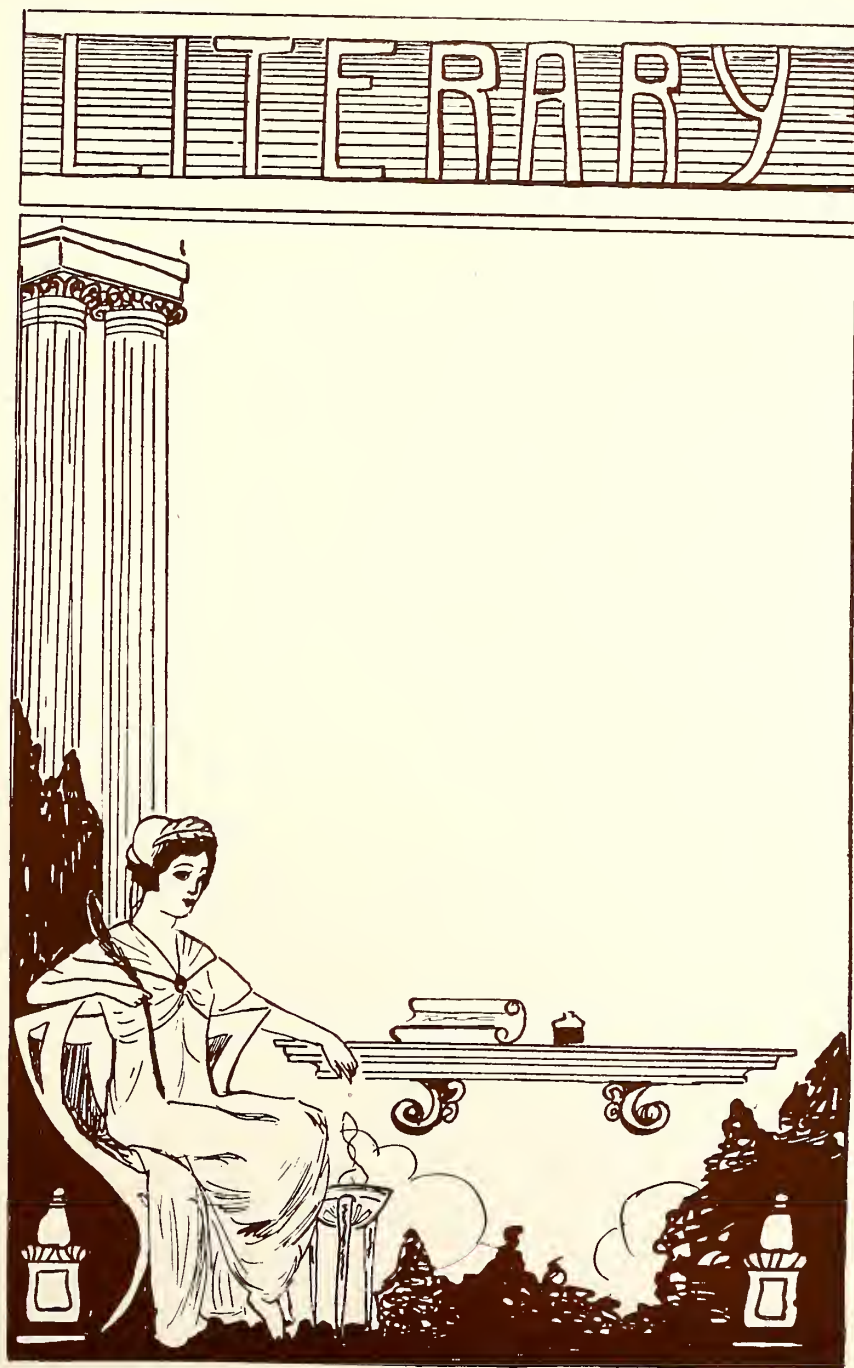
BLUE CROSS PRAYER

Most merciful God, whose Blessed Son Jesus Christ, didst minister to the sick and suffering, and didst also command His Disciples to take up the Cross and follow Him, grant us, Thy servant, so to imitate Thy Son that we may be loving, pitiful and faithful in all our ministrations to Thy sick servants; support us in our work; shield us from temptation; help us to live in sympathy one with another, and at last bring us to Thy rest, through the same, Thy Son Jesus Christ. . . . Amen.



We regret very much that we were unable to procure a photograph of Miss Gooch for our Annual, but she was very emphatic when she told us that she had not had one taken for ten years, and that she had forgotten where the last one was made. What were we to do?

THE STAFF.



INTERVIEWING FLOSSY

It was during one of Flossy's frequent "rest cures" on M. 12 that the following interview was made:

"Good mornin', daughtah! An' how is yo' all dis mornin'? Yes'm, I'se bothahed wid de reumatism agin—dat reumatism what Ah always gits. Now git me one mo' blanket please, daughtah, fo' Ah's chilly in mah bones.

"So yo' all's gwine to have one ob dem books agin? Yo' wants me to express mahself? Yes'm, Ah's de fust patient—fust cullud patient—St. Luk's ever had, an yo' know Dr. Owens—Dr. Owens and Dr. Franklin? Dey was mah dactahs. Oh, Ah was operated fo' times, and knows all about dis place! Fust time Dr. Owens operated in dat little wooden house wid seven beds in it. Daughtah, it only had one room and Ah was in wid all dem chillens. Next time Ah was operated, de Hospital was over—well—well—daughtah, just where it is now, only it was a long time ago, daughtah."

"Ah come in and was awful sick. Dr. Byford (dis young Dr. Byford's fathah or grandfathah) and Dr. Franklin, dey didn't want to operate 'cause dey said Ah had one chance to live and two to die, and Ah choosed two to die and was operated on—an' daughtah, yo' should've seen mah scars! Dey was petrified!

"Yes'm, Ah seen de fust training school fo' nuses and knowed de superintendent. She brought all dem nuses up befo' me and says: 'Florence, pick yo' nuss.' So Ah chooses one, Nellie Flannery. Ah was awful sick and awful cranky, daughtah. She was awful sweet to me. She'd say: 'Darlin', quit groanin'; yo' is wastin' yo' bref.' An' Ah'd say: 'Shet up, will yo' I'se hurtin', not yo' hurtin'!

"Dey all thought Ah'd die, daughtah, but Ah fooled 'em, an' got well an' here Ah am today!

"One day, dey all found me cryin', daughtah, an' one of de doctahs what married a nuss come in wid two othah nuses and dey says: 'Florence, why are yo' cryin'?' Ah says: 'Ah ain't got nobody to love me, nobody to love or nothin'.' Fust thing yo' know, daughtah, de doctah was on one side, de nuss on de othah a-huggin' me! Dey says: 'Why Flossy, yo' so foolish; ever'one loves yo'!

"Yes, daughtah, Ah's been comin' to St. Luk's seein' all de new daughtahs an' doctahs—comin' in an' lecturin' about de Civil War to 'em. Soon's Ah can git up, daughtah, I'll lecture to yo' too!

"Oh, good mornin' Dr. Elliott! Well, Ah's feelin' pretty good dis mornin'. Ah always feels ten years younger after takin' a cup of tea an' some ob dat good medicine. Yes! yes! Good-bye, Doctah!

"Oh, yes, daughtah! He's mah fella—mighty fine doctah. Well, good-bye, daughtah. Come to mah arms, daughtah!"

ANNE—RUTH.

Social Events

WINTER CARNIVAL—DECEMBER 10, 1927

It was December, with Christmas close at hand (a fine time to plan entertainment for money-raising purposes), and we were planning a Carnival—our first attempt towards fund-raising for the Annual. Progress was slow, the whole affair promising to be a failure unless more enthusiasm was shown. Even after the posters were placed announcing the big event, the 1928 Class still retained the same serenity—nothing stirring.

Four days before the Carnival there was a sudden realization that something must be done—and it was. The decorating committee put on old clothes and started in. Everything went wrong. The icicles fell down, the paste refused to stick and in the midst of it all Pete sprained her ankle. So and so refused to be fat lady, the chorus girls forgot to practice, and the push-ball sprang a leak. We made the best of everything. The recreation rooms and classrooms were turned upside down and work went on after hours, or until Miss Gooch came around.

The tragic night arrived. We were keyed up to the highest pitch to try, at least, to "put it over". All of our class was in costume and masked. Before the orchestra arrived, the customers were lured into all sorts of side shows and booths. The "Little Theater" ran two shows. The side show featured the snake charmer, fat lady, bearded lady and swimming match, running in competition with the Spook House—nobody knows what went on in there. Everyone was gay; who would suspect that a few hours before we were doubtful?

When the orchestra tuned up, all the dancers could not be accommodated at once on the floor—there actually was a "jam". Under the pale green light and the cold looks of the snowmen decorating the hall they danced, nor did they object to an occasional push or elbow in the ribs. It was all in a night's fun.

The stampede began when the push-ball was released. Seven feet in diameter—it made an ideal plaything for a peppy bunch. The nurses and internes had a contest—the nurses won, of course.

Just before "Home, Sweet Home" was played, an immense cake was auctioned. For ten minutes the bidding was loud and lusty, then Pete (the milkman) took the cake. It was over! We all relaxed amidst the confetti and ruined decorations to count the shekels. The sum was far more than we had anticipated. The success of our first venture gave us the courage to plan others, and to proceed with renewed energy.

R. BRINKERHOFF.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY—OCTOBER, 1927

"Forty-four!" "Seventy-six!" "Twenty-five!"

"Find your mate!"

"Who's number ten?"

These were some of the cries heard throughout Main Three on the eve of the Hallowe'en party given for the probies of the 1930 Class. Big black colored men dressed in white wanted to take us up to heaven on the tail of a kite, but the kite string broke and down we all went on the elevator to Main Two. We passed through the corridors amidst the clanking of chains, the wierd moaning of ghosts and howling of other indescribable jumping-jacks. We all assembled in the recreation room beneath a yellow, lurid light, while the leering eyes of jack-o'-lanterns peered from behind the Autumn leaves and cornstalks at us.

"Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!" sang the colored orchestra, strictly speaking, the Class of 1928. With that, they burst forth with numerous harmonious discords.

Animals, the wildest in captivity, strutted their stuff before our bewildered eyes. What next? Jeremiah in all her feathers and finery with poor old Rastus by her side, the frolicsome Gold Dust Twins dancing in and out, clowns and what-not were others in the crowd. Fortune telling and a penny dance orchestra were other sources of entertainment. There was also a plentiful supply of cider (not hard, by the way) to quench one's thirst after taking part in the merriment and revelry.

No folks, it wasn't hard to enjoy oneself at a party like that.

BY A '30 PROBATIONER.

CHRISTMAS PARTY—DECEMBER 19, 1927

"How lovely," the exclamation broke from us unconsciously. We had just greeted our hostess and were entering the ballroom. Everywhere were laughing groups of daintily-gowned girls and dark-clad men. The orchestra had just ceased playing, and the last echoes of the one-step were dying away. We glanced around the room. It was very Christmasy and festive. Evergreen was hung from the lights and windows, and red ribbon bows had been added. At one end of the hall, near the orchestra, was an immense Christmas tree, with the most beautiful decorations and trimmings that old Santa could find. We sighed—it was really more lovely and perfect than anything we could have sought.

We sauntered over to one gayly chattering group and began filling our programs. The music was commencing—a sentimental waltz. I swung into my partner's arms and we glided down the floor. We had not imagined that an evening could pass so quickly. We joined our friends in the living room during intermission, where we ceased dancing long enough to enjoy dainty chicken sandwiches, olives and coffee and delicious ice cream and cake.

When "Home, Sweet Home" had been played and encored, and we had made our adieu, there was not one but agreed that it had been one of the loveliest parties we had ever had at St. Luke's.

L. SCHWEDLER.

OCTOBER, 1925—

Hallowe'en Party—Given by the Class of '26 to '28 (as probies). Masquerade—Lucille Carpenter chosen as mascot.

MAY 13, 1927—

Spring Formal—Given by the Class of '28 in honor of the graduates of '27.

NOVEMBER, 1927—

Benefit Dance—Given by the Class of '28B.

APRIL, 1928—

Benefit Dance—Benson's Orchestra.

CANDY AND SANDWICH SALES—

Hearty co-operation of both doctors and nurses made each a success.

NURSING IN ARABIA

A pushing, jostling, clamoring mob of women—not a street fight, just the outward visible signs of the Women's Clinic. They, poor souls, may be excused their haste perhaps, for they must get home to cook their husbands' meals. Eys and ears are treated, teeth extracted, wounds are dressed and so on ad infinitum.

That afternoon a woman comes in nearly blind from the continual brushing of the cornea by the inverted eye lashes. So the nurse dons operating gown, etc., and does a Trichiasis operation, i. e., cut a strip from the upper eye-lid, raising the level of the hair-line by sewing it above the cut-out strip. Now the woman is relieved and can see comfortably.

You say all this is the work of a doctor? So it is, and that is just the role a nurse plays in Arabia for the most part, there being only two lady doctors on the Persian Gulf, one in Kuwait, and one in Mascat. Hence a nurse is called upon to do the work of a physician, for the men doctors are allowed to merely feel the pulse of the higher class women through closed curtains. Only very close relatives can look upon them. The lower classes might be helped by the male doctors, but what of the attractive, charming girls and women of the sheiks and higher classes? Are they to be allowed to suffer with no help at hand?

* * * *

Kuwait, Persian Gulf, Arabia,
July, 19—.

Dear ———:

It has been raining all morning, but has cleared up now. Even rainy days are enjoyable here, to see the clouds stealing down from the mountains and gradually obliterating them all, then to feel the delicious coolness—we love it all.

But now for the rest of my trip: The Taj Mahal, of course, transcended everything else, being reflected in the water as if it were mirrored. Monday morning we ate an early chota hazar, but including eggs so that we could omit breakfast if necessary, which it was. About six-thirty off we went in an auto to Fatehpur Sikri. This is really the Victory city, built by Akbar the Great about the sixteenth century. (Akbar, a contemporary of Elizabeth of England.)

It is built mostly of red sandstone and is quite imposing with its many buildings. We first saw Akbar's palace with its many rooms for his three wives, a Christian, a Hindu, and a Mohamedan. Each had had her place of worship, but the Hindu wife's was the finest as her sons numbered more than the others'. We saw a fine-looking Audience Hall and a hunting tower called the "Elephant Tower". This is so named because Akbar's favorite elephant was buried beneath it.

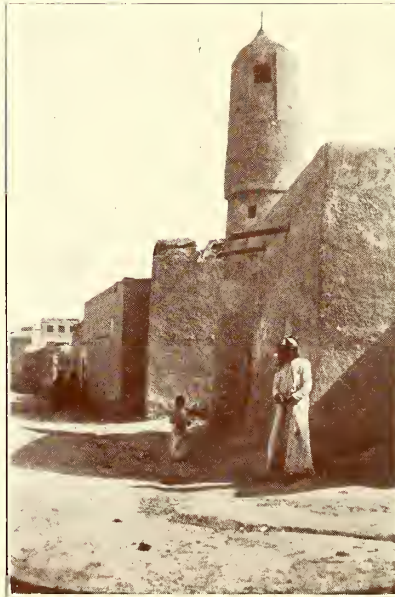
In the courtyard there are regular squares, where, the guide said, the people used to play Parchessi, living figures in gay garments of red, blue, etc. In the evening they used to play "I Spy". There is a large mosque, the Jama Mesjad, similar to the one at Mecca, with the Victory Gate on one side and the tombs of Salim Chisti and Islam Khan inside. The tomb of the former is of white marble and very beautifully inlaid with bits of Mother of Pearl. The wall has stones inlaid, making a most effective background. Salim Chisti was the high priest of Akbar. Every year on the twenty-eighth day of Ramadhon a fair is held in this place. Pilgrims flock from all parts of India to attend.

Fatehpur Sikri is about eighteen miles from Agra proper, so on the way back we stopped at Sikandra to see the tomb of Akbar. The gateway is of red sandstone, the tomb itself made of the sandstone and white marble. The cenotaph is open to the skies and near it stands a carved pillar where formerly rested the famous diamond, the Kohinar, now in the King of England's crown.

We then rested and packed and after lunch started off in a carriage to see the tomb of Itmad-ud Daula, the Prime Minister of Jahingar, Akbar's son. It is easily next to the Taj in beauty, built of purest white marble exquisitely inlaid with a variety of geometrical and floral designs from top to bottom.

Tuesday morning we had early chota, then started in a carriage for the fort. The fort is more impressive than a Delhi, higher and more majestic, surrounded by a moat. We then saw the Pearl Mosque with its wonderful proportions and beautiful Saracenic pillars. From here can be seen the Jasmine Tower, where Shah Jehan was imprisoned for using the public money too freely. Next we saw the Jama Mesjid, where Akbar sat to judge, he in a black throne, his jester in a white throne by his side.

We went back to the hotel for breakfast, packed and left for Delhi by train. We ate our dinner in the diner. We arrived in Delhi about eight, but didn't stay as long as we had expected to so were unable to take the extra ride through the city as we had planned. We went to our berths fairly early.



At Rawal Pindi we secured a car with a good driver. Passing through Uri, the scenery was most awe-inspiring—great lofty mountains with the rushing Jhelum below in the canyons. We made some breath-taking turns but our driver was such a good one that I was not at all afraid. We climbed about seven thousand feet to Burree. From there we went down to four thousand feet at Kohala.

I loved the fascinating irregular plots in the different terraces of the mountains. These were rice or paddy fields, and we could see people wading knee-deep in the water tending rice.

The drive from Uri to Srinagar was an experience! We first took a long detour with the rushing river below and then the road ran along the face of the rock, quite wild and dangerous. Gradually the Jhelum became more and more sluggish, but was still beautiful. We passed some ruined Hindu temples and the scenery was lovely with flowers, ferns and the like. After we had passed Baramulla we began to see the distant snow-capped mountains. Ponds with gorgeous lilies were on our side as we drove along.

We arrived at Srinagar at eleven and our cook managed to prepare an impromptu lunch from the contents of our tiffin basket.

The next day was Saturday, and early in the morning we took a shikari (local name for a small boat cushioned until you felt like Cleopatra). We saw the Maharajah's Palace, the State Hospital, the Museum at the first bridge, and Shah Hamadan Mosque just beyond the third bridge. Later in the afternoon we visited a woodcarver's shop. The beauty, lustre and intricate carving of the tiny desks there was delightful to behold.

During the night we saw the mountain looking down upon us all, illumined with electricity and looking like a fairy palace of gold and silver.

Sunday morning we attended an Uri service and met one of the local missionaries. In the afternoon we took a shikari to Nishat Bagh, built by Jehanga, son of Akbar the Great. Seeing that made the palaces of Delhi and Agra take on new life. There are the same niches at the palaces, and here are fountains really flowing and dashing water over them. It is only on Sunday that these fountains play. Here, too, are seven terraces of flowers with fountains making an indescribably beautiful scene.

Monday and Tuesday we idled about the beautiful formal gardens. Wednesday afternoon we drove to Shalimar Bagh in an auto. This Bagh is larger than the Mishat but not quite as formal or as exquisite. In Shalimar Bagh there is a lovely pavilion with strikingly black pillars. The ceiling is done in mosaic. The wonderful scenes, the magnificent palaces, the atmosphere of the Orient will leave with us a memory never to be forgotten.

We left Srinagar Thursday morning, car, lorry and tonga (native carriage with two wheels). Beneath an old chenar we had a tasty tiffin basket lunch. A little after three we arrived at Pahlgan and soon found a good site for our camp. It rained steadily all of Friday and the downpour still continues.

Today in spite of the rain we are still cheerful, and enjoying our rest. Our thoughts turn towards home and we are anticipating the arrival of the home mail.

Sincerely,

IVA ROBERTSON, '22.

JO KES



MOTION PICTURES

- "Patent Leather Kid"—"Dutch" Mares.
"The Poor Nut"—Too numerous to mention.
"Running Wild"—The medics.
"The Stolen Bride"—Eva Adams.
"Smile, Brother Smile"—Dr. Shearon.
"Daddy Long-Legs"—Dr. Koiwin.
"Call of the Wild"—Main Eight.
"The Way of All Flesh"—The morgue.
"Old Ironsides"—"Viv" ("Ice Cream Cone").
"The Notorious Lady"—Mrs. Chase.
"The Miracle"—R. N.
"One Round Hogan"—Ruthie.
"The Gay Old Bird"—Dr. Marquis.
"Twelve Miles Out"—Nurses at 11:45 P. M.
"Rubber Heels"—Monday steak.
"The World at Her Feet"—Miss Gooch.
"The Big Parade"—Dr. Schmidt and gang.



SONGS

- "My Wild Irish Rose"—Marlea O'Connor.
"Carry Me Back to Old Virginia"—Dr. Calhoun.
"Charlie, My Boy"—Dr. Shannon.
"Covered Wagon Days"—Main Nine—enough said.
"Show Me the Way to Go Home"—Dr. Rembe.
"Just Another Day Wasted Away"—Diet Kitchen.
"I'm Like a Ship Without a Sail"—Probationer.
"Oh, What a Pal Was Mary"—To Saranac girls.
"Gee! But I Hate to Go Home Alone!"—Dr. Coogan.
"Forgive Me"—Mr. Zabel.



POPULAR FICTION

"The Unpardonable Sin"—Eating in the pantry.
"A Man of the Hour"—Dr. Longworth.
"The Tempest"—Senior Class meeting.
"Vanity Fair"—Marg Lunbeck.
"The Desired Woman"—Pansy.
"The Three Musketeers"—The Portis brothers.
"Silas Marner"—Hasn't anything on Miss J. Stewart.

* * * *

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THIS?

"Who lives here? Where is your name on the door?"
"Anybody going to the drug store?"
"Get off the telephone!"
"Who's got the time?"
"Where are your cuffs?"
"Now, gals!"
"A clean cap Sunday, Miss ——."
"Jewelry on duty?"
"Say, turn the water off!"
"Oh, Ida! Lee's downstairs!"
"Who blew out this fuse?"
"What are you going to wear tonight?"
"Just call me Miss Lunbeck."

* * * *

WE WONDER IF—

Miss Gooch ever sneaked in?
Carpy will ever reduce?
Dr. Ritter ever runs out of jokes?
Helene would take a fire alarm seriously?
F. Boyce saw the ghost that stole the gold tooth
in the corridor the other night?
Lucia will ever be an old maid?
Brown was ever blue?
Miss Menard ever missed her breakfast?
Dr. Rich retires early????!!
Kathleen got her forty winks her last night in
isolation.
Dr. Koiwen would pass inspection in Dr. Rudolph's trousers?
Anne would look well with a Roman nose?



Does she whistle!



Serenity and Bliss



care little - think less —



'Twas September '25



Two-in-One



Aw, gee!



Don't trip, girls!



"Henry"



"Carpis"



Before —



yachting



Who is it!

Father (who has been celebrating the happy occasion): "What! Twins?"



FOR SALE

One Ford car, with piston ring,
Two rear wheels, one front spring,
Has no fenders, seats made of plank,
Burns lots of gas, hard to crank,
Carburetor busted, half way through;
Engine missing, hits on two.
Only three years old, four in the Spring,
Has shock absorbers and everything;
Ten spokes missing, front axle bent,
All four tires punctured,
Ain't worth a cent,
Got lots of speed, will run like the deuce,
Burns either oil or tobacco juice.
If you want this car, inquire within,
Heckuva good Ford for the shape it's in.

* * * *

Interne: "Has Mr. Henry had his Ewald meal?"

Nurse. "Oh, no! Just one minute." (Rushes to telephone.) "Diet Kitchen? Please send up one Ewald meal immediately." (We'll never know who she was.)

* * * *

Probie: "I certainly like my laboratory instructor. She brings things right home to me that I never saw before."

Senior: "That's nothing. The laundry does that, too."

Medical Student (looking at nurses' hour slip): "Say fellows, here is a P. M. scheduled for Miss Longbein. Let's go!" (Evidently enjoys post mortems.)

* * * *

First Probationer: "I wonder if these uniforms are color fast?"

Second Probationer: "No, I'm awfully blue today."

* * * *

Probie (to Mr. Zabel, over telephone): "Mr. Zabel? Could you please tell me how much Sitz to put in a Sitz bath?" (We don't know what he said.)

* * * *

Probie: "I'm sorry, but I cannot awaken this man to wash his face and hands."

Senior Nurse: "No, I don't believe you will be able to—for that man is unconscious."

* * * *

"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he begged tenderly. Margie fell into his arms and he was very busy for a few moments. But the tears flowed on—

"Will nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"No!" she murmured. "It's hay fever, but go on with the treatment."

* * * *

Dr. Meyers: "Say, did Dr. Hall show you those two skulls of Cæsar—one as a child and one as a man?"



'yes, it is they -
Rach - Brill



Oh! she's sweet, Frances!



He's our Santa Claus



"Rehe"



Be nourished, nurses -



"Borsey"



Ruth Brigham



Just as she is



Look, snailly, what?



me and my doggie



"Roughly-Linn"



Ann



Brinkerhoff - years ago



1914 and -



Wendy Stevens



Wendy Stevens



HOW TO MAKE A "PROBIE" UNDERSTAND—

1. Tell her what you are going to say.
2. Say it.
3. Summarize what you said.
4. Write her a letter.

* * * *

THE IDEAL SENIOR HAS—

Hair like Peggy Arnot.
Eyes like Dorothy Kulas.
Lashes like Esther Bradle.
Nose like Sally Halleen.
Mouth like Lois Grivetti.
Dimples like Marian Stryker.
Laugh like Lucy Carpenter.
Blush like Helene Peters.
Hands like Nelly Belsley.
Feet like Ruth Montgomery.
Brains like Virginia Forsythe.
Complexion like Norah Allen.
Disposition like Lucia Marlett.
Sense of humor like Henry Brubaker.
Neatness like Marge Curtis.
Pep like Affa Loft.

* * * *

Probie: "Where are you from, Miss Stoner?"
Miss Stoner: "South Dakota."
Probie: "My, you don't talk like a Southerner!"

* * * *

Interne (to flapper): "I think you have acute
appendicitis."
Flapper: "Oh, doctor, aren't you the flatterer!"

* * * *

Dr. Longworth: "Helen told me I was an an-
swer to a maiden's prayer."
Dr. Breslich: "Well, she didn't ask for much."

* * * *

Heard on M. 17:
"Abie, your shirt-tail is oudt."
"Oudt? Vere is it oudt?"
"Oudt vere da vest begins!"

* * * *

"The early bird catches the worm"—Syd Portis.

* * * *

Heard in the Examining Room:
Dad: "The doctor said I must throw up every-
thing and take a sea voyage."
Son: "Got the cart before the horse, didn't he?"

* * * *

Pt. on M. 15 when shown a St. Luke's doll:
"Oh, what a cute little doll! Does she cry
'Mamma' when you squeeze her?"
E. Turnbull: "No, my dolly's modern. She
says: 'Oh, boy!' when you squeeze her."

* * * *

H. Wittmer: "I wonder how long I could live
without brains?"
E. Horswell: "Time will tell."



"Berry"



Virginia



long long ago—



Pharmacy



And there was silence—



St. H. Hoski



?



Sassy



Well, if it isn't GUY!!



Meanie my name



Remember her?



"Rum"

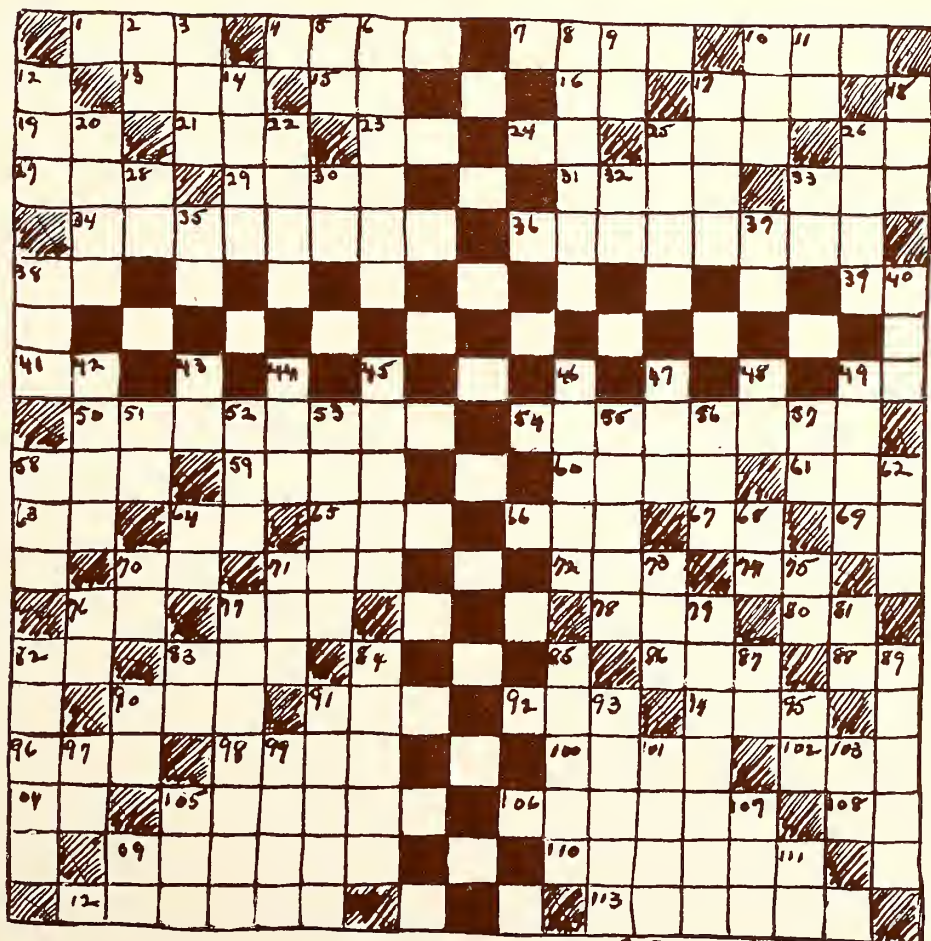


Now in Pueblo—



So Prim!

Cross Word Puzzle



A. Brinkerhoff

HORIZONTAL

1. A vehicle.
4. What a hen lays.
7. The bile.
10. Short interval of sleep.
13. Influenza.
15. Oil.
16. Negative.
17. Assist.
19. Singular present indicative of be.
21. Republican party.
23. Prefix signifying from—removed from.
24. Twelve inches.
25. Nitroglycerine.
26. Personal pronoun.
27. Beverage.
29. A metal with important tonic properties.
31. Origin or base of an organ.
33. In no manner.
34. Hypertrophied tissue in the pharynx.
36. Pertaining to the branch of medicine dealing with operating procedures.
38. Delerium due to alcoholic poisoning (abbreviation).
39. Doctor (abbreviation).
41. Depart.
49. From a lower to a higher place.
50. Micro-organisms.
54. Act of cutting into.
58. Number.
59. Posterior part of the foot.
60. First sensation preceding epileptic fit.
61. Sudden paroxysm.
63. Animal.
64. Verb.
65. Behold.
66. Sin.
67. Cubic centimeter (abbreviation).
69. Preposition.
70. After meals (abbreviation).
71. Accomplished.
72. A fish of snake-like form.
74. Pound (abbreviation).
76. Of each (abbreviation).
77. An element set free by electrolysis.
78. A mere taste.
80. Water (abbreviation).
82. And (Latin).
83. Eye, ear, nose and throat.
86. Accepted standard of value.
88. Mercury.
90. Help!
91. Sick.
92. Decay—decomposition.
94. Small inflamed swelling on edge of eyelid.
96. Possessive pronoun.
98. Large bone of the forearm.
100. Hole or slit made by rending.
102. Organ of hearing.
104. Prefix in, into, etc.
105. Medical bedside instruction.
106. Auricle of the heart.
108. Millimeter (abbreviation).
109. Rang musically.
110. Medicine which is an active motic.
112. Winner.
113. One of the organisms requiring oxygen to live.

VERTICAL

2. Pronoun.
3. Instrument to prevent closure of jaws.
5. Depart.
6. Lymphatic ganglions.
8. A cavity especially in bone.
9. See!
10. Larvæ of a louse.
11. Right (abbreviation, Latin).
12. Oily substance of adipose tissue.
14. Piece of metallic money.
17. Prefix meaning opposed to—against.
18. Still.
20. Flesh of animals used as food.
22. Prefix meaning before.
25. Loose mantle of Roman citizen.
26. Minute fungus.
28. Add (abbreviation).
30. Jewish exclamation.
32. Conjunction.
33. Sodium (abbreviation).
35. Boy's name.
37. Cras nocte (abbreviation).
38. Excavate.
40. Tear.
42. An ependymal thickening above the calamus scriptorius.
43. Post cibum.
44. Famous Southern general during Civil War.
45. Lubricated.
46. An instrument for excision of polypi, tonsils, etc.
47. The atmosphere.
48. Type that has been thrown into disorder.
49. A single person or thing.
51. Adjective.
52. Article.
53. A vegetable exudate.
55. Heals.
56. A cyst—pouch.
57. Preposition.
58. Digit of the foot.
62. 2,000 pounds.
64. Before Christ.
68. Chlorine (abbreviation).
70. Father.
71. Female deer.
73. One of the two fleshy folds surrounding the orifice of the mouth.
75. Barium (abbreviation).
76. Close to—by.
77. Anti-diabetic hormone obtained from Islands of Langerhans.
82. $C_4H_{10}O$.
79. French chemist (1822-1895).
81. Every hour.
83. Preposition.
84. Cross-barred pattern.
85. Main arterial trunk.
87. Right (abbreviation).
89. Microbes.
90. One-half (abbreviation).
91. Hidden, inmost.
93. The Earth.
95. Pronoun (plural).
97. Within.
99. Calcium oxide.
101. Refined, delicate.
103. Miotic astigmatism.
105. Chicago (abbreviation).
107. Mine.
109. Calcium (abbreviation).
111. Niobium (abbreviation).

SOLUTION TO CROSS-WORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 115



Greetings!



G. & L.



Count Them



A Bird's eye View
of the Museum



21st Heaven



Vacation Time



Yes, thank You!



We Three



Collegiate



Way up Yonder



Halloo!



Who wants to get wet?

Hypnotizing



Dr. Solomon does his stuff
FORUM MEDICAL SERIES • 1927

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

—Edgar Guest.

* * * *

Things are never so bad but what they might
be worse.

* * * *

Plan for more than you can do, then do it!
Bite off more than you can chew, then chew it!
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat, and there you are—
Go to it!

* * * *

Don't hunt for trouble, but look for success!
You'll find what you look for—don't look for dis-
tress!

If you see but your shadow, remember I pray,
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the
way!
Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream and don't
shirk!

Don't think of your worries, but think of your work,
The worries will vanish, the work will be done—
No man sees his shadow who faces the sun.

* * * *

NURSES, COULD THIS BE YOU?

I've been a patient at St. Luke's
For thirteen weeks and more,
And shall, in spite of all rebukes,
Discuss that house of gore.

They've nurses there of every kind,
Quite dignified or jolly,
But I've a certain one in mind,
Let's speak of her, by golly!

—— is tall and stern,
The patients quake in horror,
When in the doorway they discern
This medicine adorer.

See! In she comes with war-like tread,
The bravest heart would squirm,
Then stands close by the old bedstead
To dope the wretched worm.

Within her hand are little pills,
And big ones still intenser;
If these don't aggravate your ills,
Don't blame the fair dispenser!

So one, two, three and down they go—
(They act upon the gizzard),
And ere much time has passed you'll know
That this nurse is a wizard!

—— is on at night
To make the patients snore,
And if you press the signal light,
You'll wait an hour or more.

The time will come when we'll get out
And go our ways diverse,
And then I think we'll want to shout:
"It might have been much worse!"

—By a Former Patient.



Playing Nurse



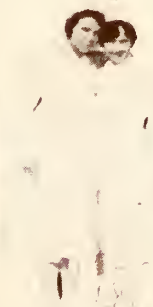
Annie Bannan



Hold on to 'em!



Same old background, but —



"Sufr"



as Probationers



Oh, you - hoo!



Well, if it isn't Miss Gouch!



"D.H.O."



Madamette the —



There are smiles —

WHAT COULD BE WORSE?

By the Patient Patient

What could be worse,
Than being a nurse
Who thinks of her work as a drudge?
Does just what she must,
Thinks toast is crust,
'N' at a bell call never will budge?
What could be worse,
Than this kind of verse,
But a nurse who'll never smile?
For to a guy in bed
Who feels half dead,
To be cheery is well worth while.

G. WENDLING.

* * * *

—A—

Sincere	Likable	Noble
Amiable	Unaffected	Untiring
Interesting	Kind	Resolute
Neat	Ever-ready	Smiling
Trained	Self-sacrificing	Efficient

* * * *

* * * *

MEDITATIONS OF A PROBATIONER

This building with its stately walls,
This haven for the sick—
Is wonderful for rich or poor,
With ills both small and chronic.

We probies have amusements, but,
To our studies we do owe
The best we have. 'Tis true
We reap exactly as we sow.

Sometimes we have our sorrows—
We get some news from home,
We wish that we could go there,
The familiar spots to roam.

Happiness is so plentiful,
If we strew it along our way,
It surely will come back to us
Somehow, somewhere, some day.

With purpose great and will so strong,
We surely will succeed
In one way or another,
If our motto is: "Take heed".

RUTH WACA, '30.

We toddle down the endless halls,
We answer endless lights,
We run to answer telephone calls,
We relieve alone on nights.

We scrub and clean the service rooms,
We wash the dirty sills,
Sometimes we have to use the brooms,
As well as give the pills.

We give A. M. and P. M. care,
With that we have included,
A bath, clean bed, the room we air,
In fact, no work's excluded.

We count and sort the linen, too,
And pass it out each day,
Each day we learn of something new,
That we can do or say.

It's all hard work and not much play.
In spite of that—we like it,
And if we're forced to leave—I'll say,
We surely will not like it.

R. E. B.



It was Sunday—



Oh for a swim!



The wind blew



Lucille herself



On the steps



Just pals



Happy?



Guess who?



Sunshine



How come?



Paul



The newest

DIET KITCHEN

When I am old and feeble, and dream of old St.
Luke's,
I'll think of all my classmates and the diet kitchen
cooks.

There peace was never staple and Ethel reigned
supreme,
She kept us busy with our faults which we must
needs redeem.

We thought ourselves the berries and oft did some-
thing rash,
To get the proper mixture of an appetizing hash.

A dab of this and that perhaps, a portion of cream
sauce,
Made a handy substitutc—sh! we never told the
boss!

When prevailing winds smelled "scorchy" and burn-
ing food was found,
We dumped the refuse in the pail while the dicti-
tians frowned.

We knew to do a thing like that spelled the opposite
of "thrift",
But none of us, I do believe, were blessed with that
gift.

Rayola washed the dishes—we said: "Better late
than never!"
To Rayola the word "hurry" meant too much of
an endeavor.

But when it came to scrapping, Rayola took the cake,
And Ethel came close second, now that is no mis-
take!

The memory of old Pete, and his "Good mornin'
angel" chant,
(A saying which grew boresome, also significant).

Will linger years and years with the nurse of by-
gone days,
As well as all the rest which this poem here por-
trays.

RUTH BRINKERHOFF.

OUR CREED—1930A

Breathes there a nurse with spirit so dead,
Who never to herself has said:
"This is my school and I love it dearly,
I have a task and I do it cheerily."
The task that I have, and you have it, too,
Is to stick by our school in whatever we do.
Never to lower the standards she's set,
Always to conquer all obstacles met,
And every project that for her is attempted;
This applies to all, for none are exempted.
So let's all work together, and all do our part,
For our own St. Luke's is dear to each heart.

* * * *

From the Chapel Hall one morning,
Glorious anthems filled the air,
And I lay and dreamed of angels
And they seemed most wond'rous fair.
But they were real, those precious angels,
As they flitted up and down,
At least they seemed like angels,
In their spotless caps and gowns.
They were spreading hope and courage,
And making life worth while,
They could dim the gorgeous rainbow
By the radiance of their smile.
They could cheer the broken-hearted
And cool the feverish brow.
They could banish pain and anguish
By their magic touch somehow.
Young man, if you want a partner,
Who will brighten up your life,
Who will share your joys and sorrows,
And help in every strife,
Remember now I've told you
In this modest little verse,
You'll find you have an angel
If you wed a white capped nurse.

—Anonymous.

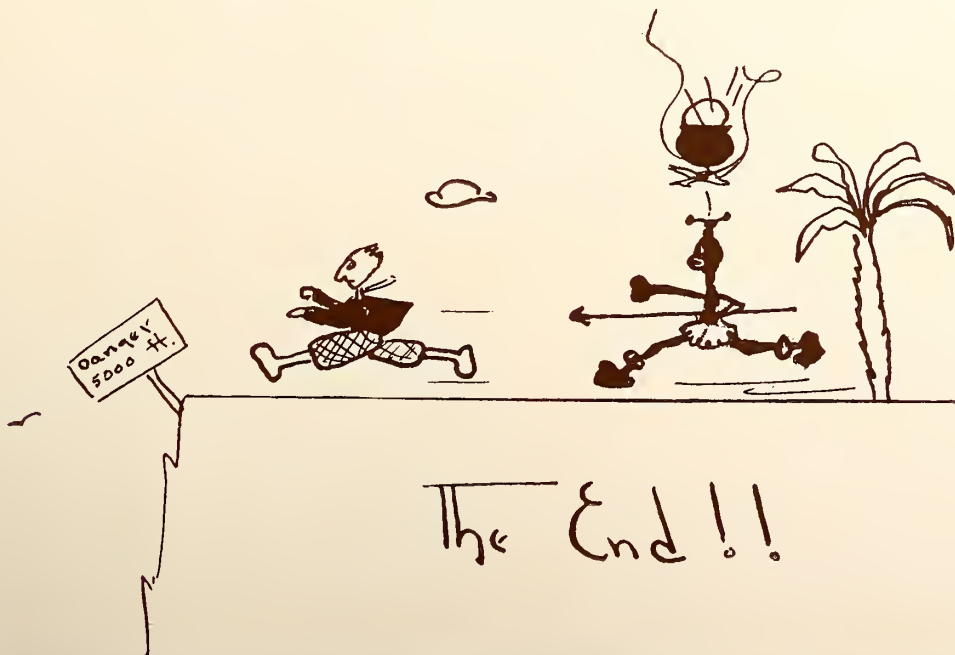
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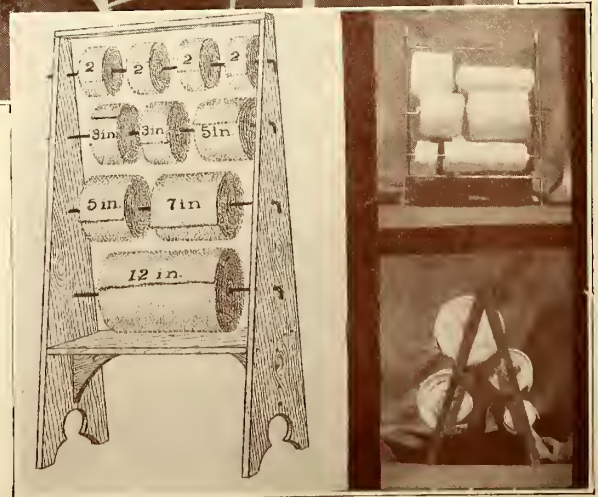
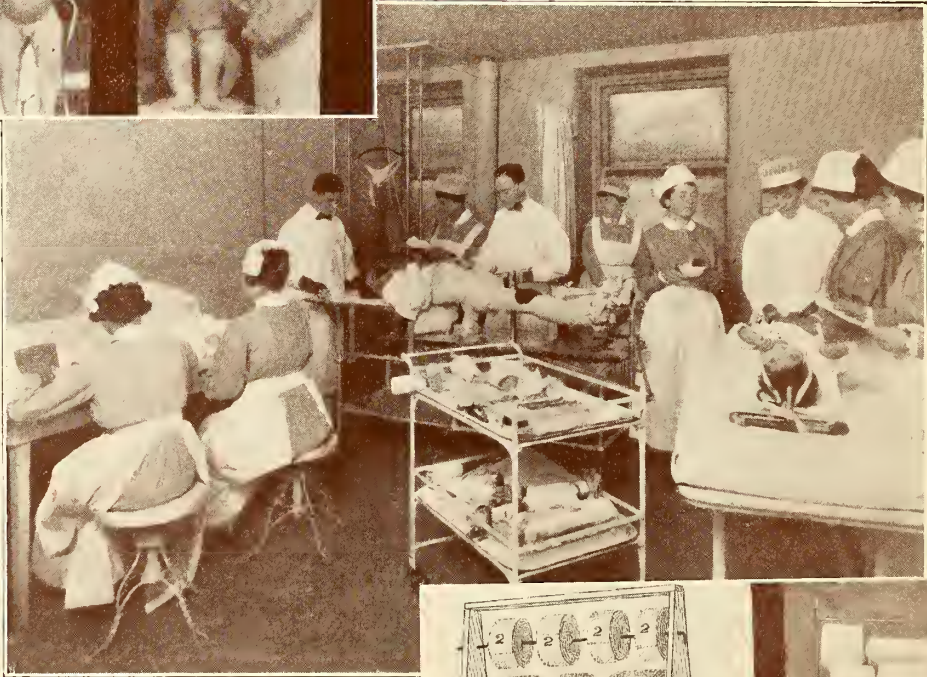
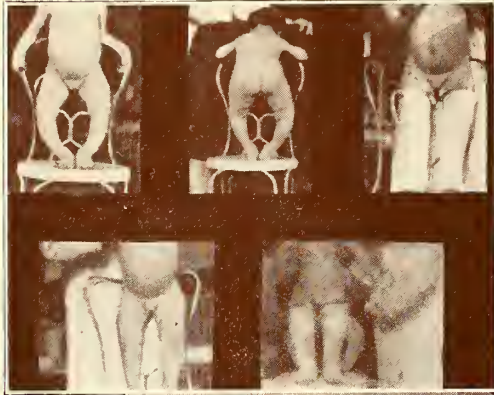
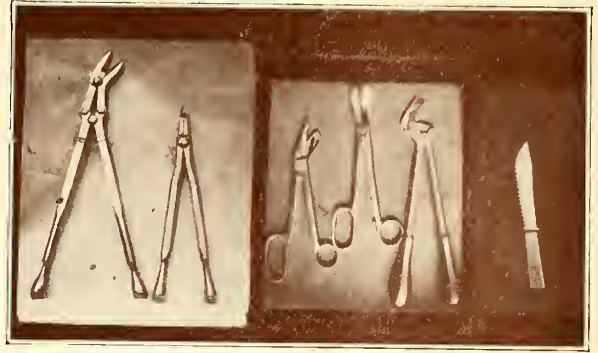
HORIZONTAL

1. Gig.
4. Eggs.
7. Gall.
10. Nap.
13. Tac.
15. Ol.
16. No.
17. Aid
19. Am.
21. G. O. P.
23. Ab.
24. Ft.
25. T. N. T.
26. Me.
27. Tea.
29. Iron.
31. Root.
33. Not.
34. Adenoids.
36. Surgical.
38. D. T.
39. Dr.
41. Go.
49. Up.
50. Bacteria.
54. Incision.
58. Ten.
59. Heel.
60. Aura.
61. Fit.
63. Ox.
64. Be.
65. Sec.
66. Err.
67. C. C.
69. To.
70. P. c.
71. Did.
72. Eel.
74. Pound.
76. aa.
77. Ion.
78. Sip.
80. Aq.
82. Et.
83. T. N. E.
86. Par.
88. Hg.
90. S. O. S.
91. Ill.
92. Rot.
94. Sty.
96. His.
98. Ulna.
100. Rent.
102. Ear.
104. En.
105. Clinic.
106. Atrium.
108. Mm.
109. Chimed.
110. Arcein.
112. Gainer.
113. Aerobic.

VERTICAL

2. It.
3. Gag.
5. Go.
6. Glands.
8. Antrum.
9. Lo.
10. Nit.
11. A. D.
12. Fat.
14. Coin.
17. Anti.
18. Yet.
20. Meat.
22. Pro.
25. Toga.
26. Mold.
28. A. D.
30. Oi.
32. Or.
33. Na.
35. Ed.
37. C. n.
38. Dig.
40. Rip.
42. Obex.
43. P. c.
44. Lee.
45. Oiled.
46. Snare.
47. Air.
48. Pi.
49. Unit.
51. An.
52. The.
53. Resin.
55. Cures.
56. Sac.
57. Of.
58. Toe.
62. Ton.
64. B. C.
68. Cl.
70. Pa.
71. Doc.
73. Lip.
75. Ba.
76. At.
77. Insulin.
79. Pasteur.
81. Q. h.
82. Ether.
83. To.
84. Plaid.
85. Aorta.
87. Rt.
89. Germs.
90. ss.
91. Inner.
93. Terra.
95. Ye.
97. In.
99. Lime.
101. Nice.
103. Am.
105. Chi.
107. Mio.
109. Ca.
111. Nb.





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